Vol. CXXXV. No. 1756.

Fit TripleX -and be safe WOLSELEY do

THE BYSTANDER AUGUST 11, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

STAGE SOCIETY GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

1/-

The Holiday Week-end

FOR INDIGESTION AND STOMACH TROUBLES...
Drink it at meals and during the day
VICHY-CÉLESTINS
The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water
OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

The most satisfying Liqueur after dinner and for all festive occasions
DRAMBUIE
Order a Drambuie Cocktail "THE ISLE OF SKYE" ⅓rd each Drambuie; Gin; Lemon Juice

BOLLINGER CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to KING GEORGE V.

Grant's Scotch Whisky
"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

10 YEARS OLD
HIGHLAND QUEEN
MACDONALD & MUIR, Scotch Whisky Distillers, LEITH, EDINBURGH; also GLASGOW and LONDON.

TRADE MARK TENNENT'S
BRITISH LAGER
The LARGEST EXPORTERS of BRITISH BOTTLED BEERS
J. & R. TENNENT LIMITED.
WELLPARK BREWERY, GLASGOW.

For NEURALGIA and HEADACHE
1/3 & 3/- IN POWDER OR TABLET FORM. Sold by all Chemists and Stores
Cephos (See-foss) REGD. Pronounced
THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY
is safe and certain

COURVOISIER
COGNAC BRANDY
THREE STAR
V.O. 20 YEARS OLD
V.S.O.P. 30 YEARS OLD
V.V.O. 40 YEARS OLD
BY APPOINTMENT
THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON STANDS FOR QUALITY

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.) 2.30 & 8.15 Daily.

ST. MORITZ

A NOVEL REAL ICE MUSICAL SPECTACLE

Prices 10/6, 8/6, 6/-, 5/-, 4/- 3/-, 2/- (including Tax).

BRITISH HOTELS

SUNNY ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

A famous hotel which has celebrated its centenary but is modern in all its appointments. Real comfort and quiet awaits you. Electric lift, private suites, central and electric heating, large public rooms, 120 ft. Sun Lounge, facing the sea, famous chef, first-class cuisine and vintage wines. Write for illustrated booklet. Terms from as low as 4½ gns. weekly inclusive. Telephone: Hastings 869.

England's most beautiful holiday-land—the Lake District. Its leading Hotel—

THE KESWICK

at KESWICK-ON-DERWENTWATER

Illustrated tariff from J. & M. WIVELL & SON, *Proprietors.*

THE FOREST HILLS HOTEL

LOCH ARD, ABERFOYLE.

A Hotel magnificently and artistically equipped, having a remarkable situation in a beautiful and unspoiled Highland district. 18 Acres of grounds of flower and rock gardens, terraces, waterfalls, etc. Perfect Cuisine, deft Service, Palatial Public Rooms, comfortable Bedrooms (H. & C.), modern Bathrooms, Central Heating and Electric Light. Lock-up Garages. Golf at Aberfoyle, Callander and Gleneagles. Fishing on Loch Ard free to residents. Charges moderate. Apply Management for Tariff. 'Phone and Telegrams: Kinlochard 215.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA

Semmering.–Grand Hotel Panhans.–World-renow'd htl. of Aust. Alps. 60 mls. fr. Vienna. Sports, Cures. Casino de Jeu. Pens. 15/- up.

Semmering.–3,000 ft. a.s.l.–1½ hrs. fr. Vienna **Suedbahn Hotel, The Golfer's Home.**— Open-air swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.–Palace Hotel.–Facing Sea and Bathing. Mod. terms. Nr. Casino. Golf, Tennis. Tel. Address: Palace, Knocke.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.–C.S.R. Hotl. Königsvilla.–The best place for Rheumatic-heart complaints & Women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Antibes. — Hotel du Cap D'Antibes. — Pavillon Eden Roc. Winter and Summer Residence.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis, Swim. Incl. from 70 frs., with bath from 85 frs.

Juan-les-Pins.—Ambassadeurs.— 1st-class. Sunny rooms with balcony facing beach. Moderate terms. A.A., R.A.C.

Le Touquet.–Hotel des Anglais.–In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

FRANCE—*continued*

Le Touquet. — Hotel Regina. — Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. 1st class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Cap d'Ail.–(Nr. Monte Carlo)–Eden Hotel.– 200 rms. on sea. Park 12 acres. Tennis. Own beach. Free bus to M.C. Franco-Brit. Mangt.

Monte-Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rms., 280 bath. Entirely renovated 1934 Incl. fr. 65 frs. With bath fr. 80 frs. Open all year.

Monte-Carlo.—The Monte-Carlo Palace.— 1st. cl. up to date, fac. Casino, sea-view, open all the yr. Incl. fr. 50 frs., with bath fr. 65 frs.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).— Brenner's Stephanie.— The leading hotel.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).— Brenner's Parkhotel.— Pension from M.14.

Baden - Baden. — Bühlerhöhe. — 800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from R.M.11 upwards.

Baden - Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.— Wholly renov.; facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms R.M 11. up. Personal man. H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.— Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Kissingen Staatl. — Kurhaushotel.— World renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*Continued*

GERMANY—*continued*

Bad Kissingen—Hotel Reichshof.— Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.— Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Nauheim. — Hilbert's Park Hotel. — First-cl. Fam. Hotel. Unique locat. in quiet. pos. of the Kur-Park oppos. Baths & Springs.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.— The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.

Bad Nauheim.–Palast Hotel.–Most beautiful position, facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension fr. R.M. 10.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus)—Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with pte. toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 10.50.

Cologne –Hotel Comœdienhof.–Near Stn. & Cath. Rms. fr. R.M. 4, lav. & toil. fr. R.M. 6 pr. bath fr. R.M 8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastrasse 11. 100 beds, mod. comf., gar., cent., home from home. Incl. tms. fr. RM.7. Man. P. Prenzel.

Düsseldorf.—Bahnhof-Hotel.—The 1st-class Hotel facing the Station. 120 bedrooms, 20 priv. bathrooms. Garage. Restaurants.

Düsseldorf–Breidenbacher Hof–L. ht. Wld. ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6, 75 Pr. B fr. 9.

Freiburg. — Hotel Zähringer Hof. — The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch.–Bavarian Alps.–**Sonnenbichl.–Golf Hotel.**–facing the Zugspitze, first-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Hanover.–Hotel Ernst August.—The city's most distinguished hotel of International name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First-class Quiet location in old Park. Rooms from R M. 5.

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.–The latest and most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.–Hotel Der Königshof Karlsplatz.– First-class. Central sit. 150 rms. 50 baths. from 5 Mks.– New Garage in hotel.

Munich — Hotel Grunewald. — Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Sasbachwalden.–Bl. For.–**Landhaus Fuchs.–** 20 mls. fr. Baden-Baden, a country house —priv. swim. pool—R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pen. from 9 Mks.

GERMANY—*continued*

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. Opp. Park and Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Patd. by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 M.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comft. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M. 10.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World renowned Htl., own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pen. fr. 11 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.— (Four Seasons). Select home of Soc. Best pos. Opp. Kurhaus, Opera, Pks. Pen. fm. R.M. 12

ITALY.

Stresa, Lake Maggiore.—**Regina Palace Hotel.**—On the lake. Pension from Lire 50. Tennis. Golf. Orchestra.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.–The Beau-Rivage.–With its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50

Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from Frs. 5.50.

Gunten.–Park Hotel (Lake Thun.).–Full sth. on lake front. Lge. Pk. Gar. 1st.-cl. fam. hotl. Bathing, Ten., Golf. Pens. from Frs. 11.50 up.

Interlaken.–Hotel Schweizerhof.–Renown'd excel. cook. & comf. Rooms fr. fr. 5.50. Pens. rate from fr. 13. Th. Wirth, Man.-Prop.

Lausanne. — Victoria Hotel. — First-class. The most comfortable at the station. Most moderate terms. Personal attention.

Lucerne.–Hotel Beau-Rivage.–Facing lake. Next door to Casino. First-class. Excellent food. Pension from S.Frs. 13.

Lucerne.–Carlton Hotel.–1st-class English House. Finest sit. on lake. Open-air rest. Pte. lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar

Lucerne.—The National.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland) Grand Hotel Palace.—Fin. sit. dir'tly on lake-prom., quiet yet cent., open-air rest'ant, l'ge park, tennis.

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. comft. Golf, Tennis, Lge. Pk., Gar. Bch.

Ouchy - Lausanne. — Hotel du Château. — 1st.-cl. hotel in own park on the lake Seat of Lausanne Conf. T'ms R.M. 5, Pens. fr. 12 up.

Thun.—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pension from Fr. 10. Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

Wengen.—Palace.—The leading Hotel of the Jungfrau district. Inclusive terms from Frs.s. 14.50. F. Borter Propr.

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

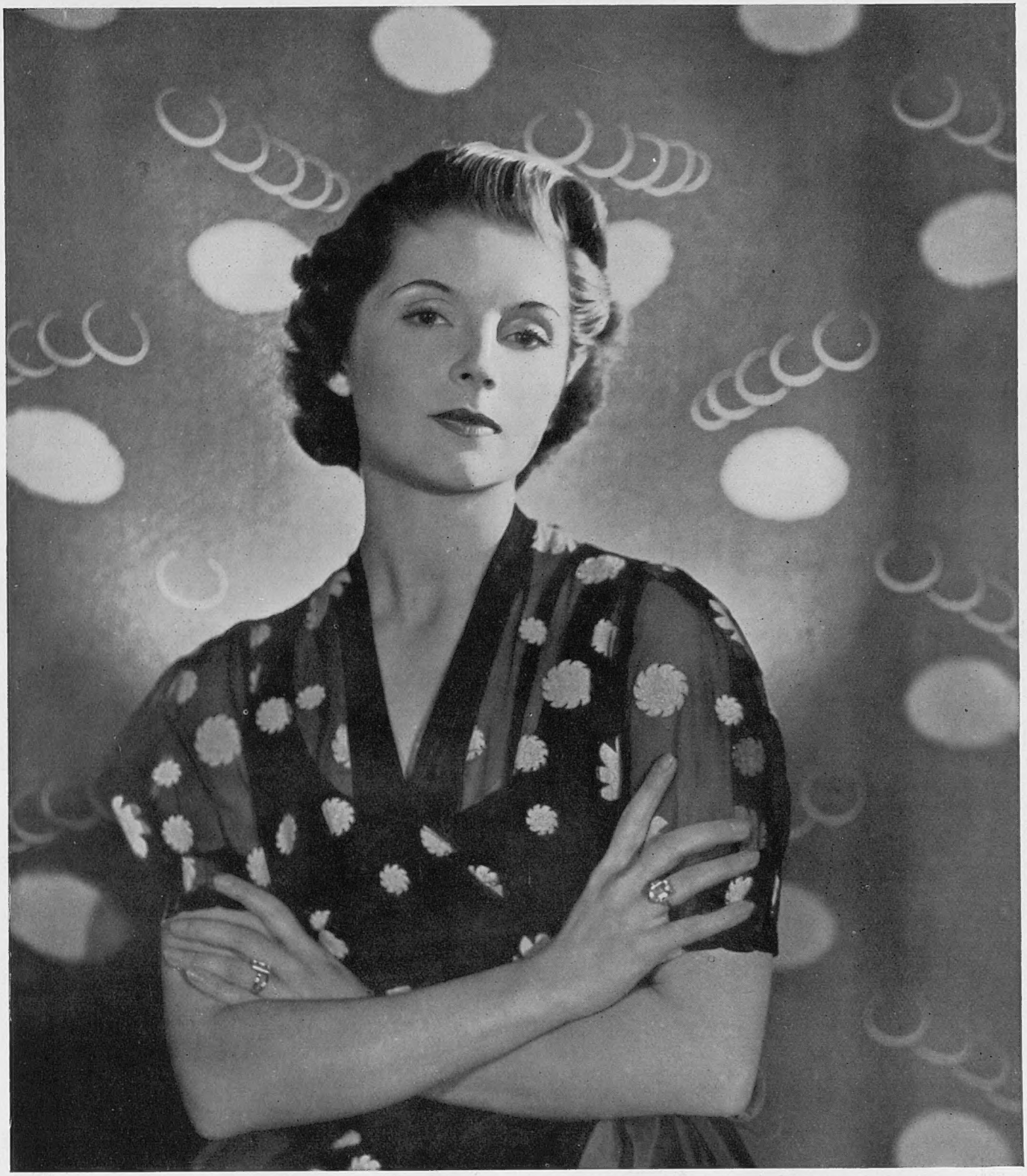
AT the PARIS Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge, on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.

All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to: PARIS Office: 65-67, Avenue des Champs Elysées *for* France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.

BERLIN Office: Kurfürstendamm, 32 *for* Germany, Scandinavia, The Baltic States, Russia and Poland.

The Bystander



Anthony

Dorothy Hyson Has Married a Mountaineer

This, however, is only a temporary state of affairs, while her actor-husband Robert Douglas, is filming in *The Challenge*. In this London Film picture which the famous ex-UFA producer, Gunther Stapenhorst, is handling, Mr. Douglas is cast as Edward Whymper, the English mountaineer who first climbed the Matterhorn. A good deal of the film is being shot in Switzerland, some of it high on the Matterhorn itself. Dorothy Hyson who has been playing this summer in *To Have and To Hold*, gave up her part in that play a short time ago to go with her husband to Switzerland — to combine his work with her holiday. The two of them are about the most attractive and decorative young couple in the theatrical world

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 32

Annabella

IT is only when you speak of marrons glacés or of the sea that Annabella shows any sign of the fact that she was born in Paris. Anne Charpentier is her real name, and her parents have an estate at St. Cloud. Despite her purely Gallic blood though, Annabella, who collided the name of Annabel Lee—one of Edgar Allan Poe's heroines—into her present nom de filme, presents a largely Nordic façade to the world. Her plastic beauty; her temperament (or the lack of it); the rarity of her smiles; her habit of sitting back to talk, instead of leaning forward; her phlegm; her under-emphasis of gesture and tone; her whole attitude towards life's relations; even her voice, which is much lower than that of most Frenchwomen, are all Anglo-Saxon, almost Dutch, indeed. She is, en effet, the antithesis of Yvonne Printemps, who, to my mind, is the epitome (confound these Greek words !) of what is French.

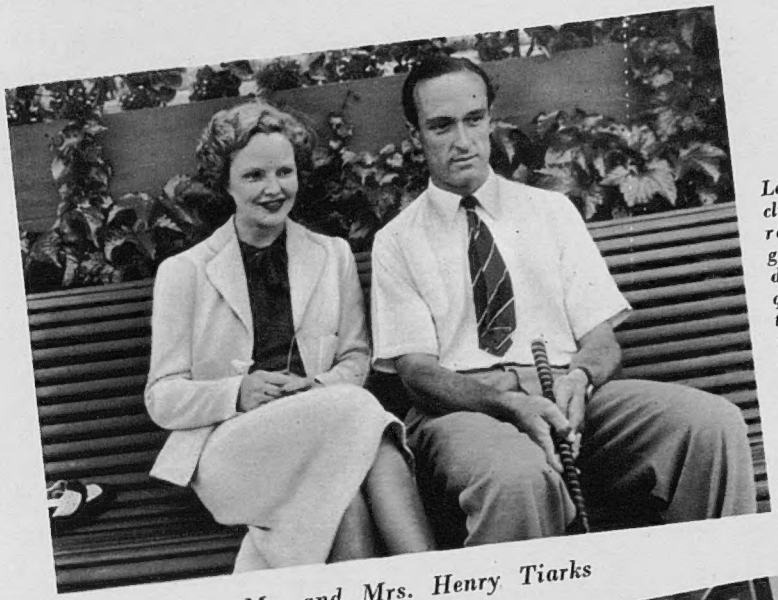
THOUGH born on July 14—the anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille—Annabella allows herself no liberties. Her ambition is her strongest emotion. Thus she does not smoke because she feels she would have to brush her teeth after each cigarette. See ?

It was René Clair who turned her into French Film Star No. 1 (Mireille Balin being now No. 2) with *Le Million*. Not content with this and other French film successes, Annabella came to London, lived in an English family off Belgrave Square, and learnt our language, without giving any hint of her glamorous career to her host and hostess until she felt in duty bound to tell them. Now, with the further assistance of Flossie Freedman, she is making the ill-named *Follow the Sun* for New World Pictures—the British subsidiary of Twentieth Century-Fox. Annabella weighs exactly 50 kilogrammes, eats what she likes, and would sooner swim, fish, row, or sunbathe than do anything else. Whatever she does in her spare time has to be something to do with the sea—and, if possible, the sun. After that comes bicycling, followed by eating lobsters and burnt custard. This precedes an affection for French poodles and English tea—she finds that coffee sends her to sleep. Annabella hates getting up before 8.30 a.m., or going to a hairdresser or being fitted for clothes. She would like to play opposite Joel Macrea or Tyrone Power. When she knows she is going to get angry she hurries away and walks it off. When she is away from the studios she wears no make-up at all—a kind of holiday. She thinks that the sun provides the best make-up of all. Before she leaves for Hollywood Annabella is to make *Let's Go to Paris*, then she is off to do *Jean* with William Powell.

I forgot to say that she met and married Jean Murat during the shooting of *Paris-Mediterranée*.

Charles Graves

Le Touquet Holiday



Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks

Left: that golf-club seat on which roving photographers confidently look for quarry, supported the Henry Tiarks, an attractive-looking couple. He is a partner in a banking firm and an excellent golfer. She was Joan Barry

Captain and Mrs. Sangster

Right: Captain and Mrs. "Hook" Sangster (she was Katharine Duff) were at Le Touquet for the polo. He is captain of the 5th (Inniskillings) D.G. team

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Black

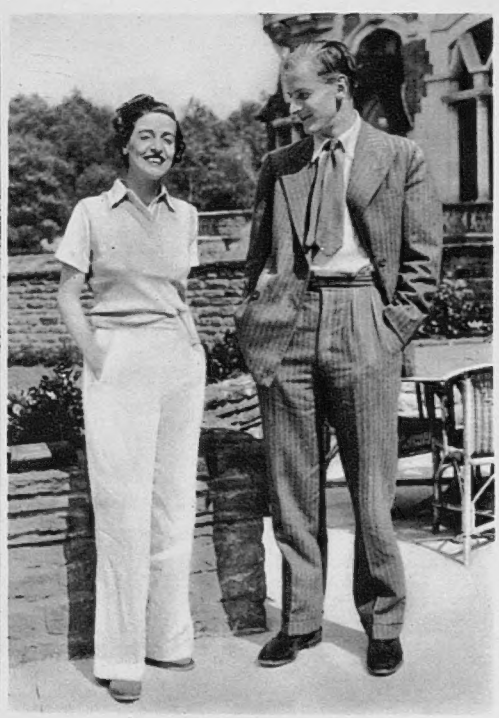
Another married couple for yet another game—the Alan Blacks gave their Le Touquet time to tennis. Mrs. Black was Patricia Rokeby, of Arthingworth, and is a niece of the head of the Rokeby family who have been in Yorkshire since the Conquest

Seaside Cyclists

Mrs. Scott-Lloyd and Mrs. Hebertson Dawson held the two bicycles; in a flattish place like Le Touquet it's no trouble to ride them. Mrs. Scott-Lloyd has a villa called "Pauline"

Young-Marrieds

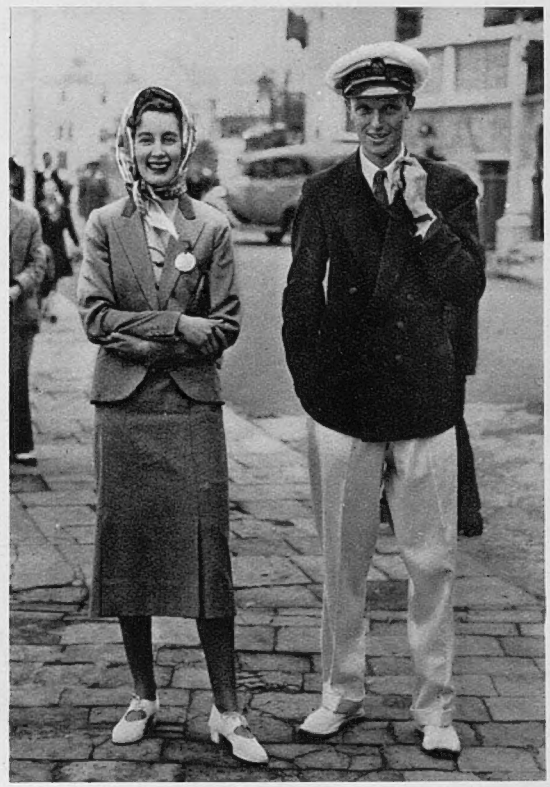
Mr. and Mrs. "Sandy" Cameron were married last spring. She was Pamela Grant-Sturgis and is Sir Mark and Lady Rachel Grant-Sturgis' only daughter and a niece of Lord Wharncliffe



Hands in Pockets

The hands belong to Princess Ursula von Hohenlohe and Mr. Derek Pollen, who both spent the Bank Holiday week-end at Le Touquet. Derek Pollen is a cousin of Sir John Pollen

Cowes Week—When Yachts Race Against a Background of Busy Socialites

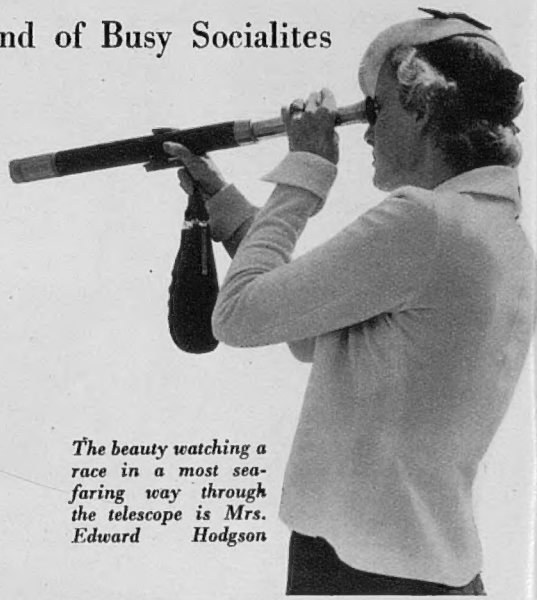


Miss Bowes-Lyon and Mr. Musker

Sarah Bowes-Lyon and J. H. L. Musker went over to Cowes from Bembridge, where they were in Major and Mrs. Herbert Musker's party at The Lodge

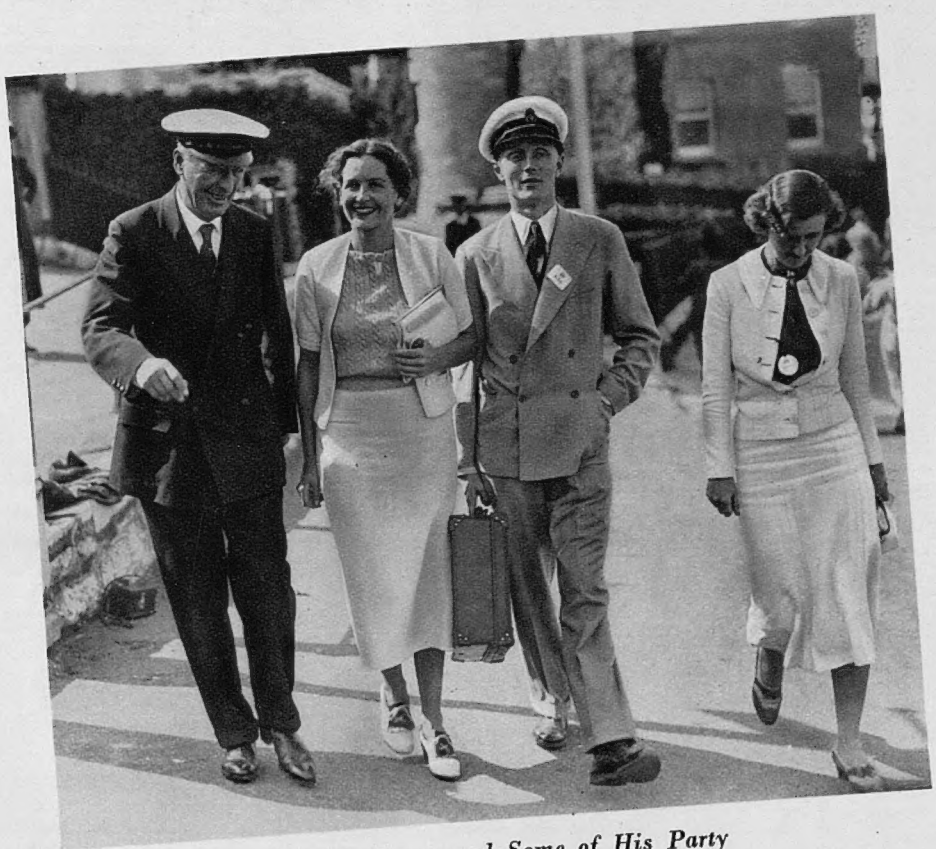
Mrs. Arthur Marsden

Caped and trousered, she was coming ashore by the Squadron steps. Her husband, Commander Arthur Marsden, is the new M.P. for Chertsey



The beauty watching a race in a most seafaring way through the telescope is Mrs. Edward Hodgson

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Peter Healing



Lord Mottistone and Some of His Party

Lord Mottistone was leaving the Squadron with Miss Trewella, his stepson, Sir John Nicholson, and his daughter, the Hon. Lou Seely. His Isle of Wight place is Mottistone Manor; he had his cutter Mayflower at Cowes

Mr. David and Lady Joan Colville

Miss Brougham and Miss Corry

The Hon. Eileen Brougham is with Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry, whose mother, the Hon. Mrs. Noel Lowry-Corry, had a party for Cowes at Inver House, Bembridge

Going Home for Lunch

Above: Lady Stavordale, Mr. Colin Davidson and Lady O'Neill were walking up the hill together to Cowes' "residential quarter"; they were staying with Lord and Lady Dufferin at Thornbill

Left: Lord and Lady Naas spent their honeymoon at Cowes; they were married the Saturday before. He is the Earl of Mayo's son, and she was Miss Noel Jessie Wilson

Below: Lady Dufferin and her husband took a house in Cowes for the week. Lord Stavordale and Mr. Eddie Tatham were two of their guests, and the three of them were on their way down to bathe

Lord and Lady Naas

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor

Charles Taylor, who is M.P. for Eastbourne, is an active yachtsman and is a member of the R.T.Y.C. and the R.L.Y.C. Mrs. Peter Healing is Lord Petre's sister and a stepdaughter of Sir Carne Rasch, who owns the cutter Jorrocks II. David and Lady Joan Colville have been at Cowes every year since they married; his father, the Hon. George Colville, is a member of the R.Y.S. and owns the cutter Moby Dick

Mr. Tatham, Lady Dufferin and Lord Stavordale

The King at the Duke of York's Camp

The Men on the King's Left Aren't Doing it Properly

Before leaving for the first holiday of his reign the King flew to the camp for public school and factory boys which he started in 1921 and which has always been his pet concern. The boys welcomed their "Great White Chief" uproariously, he was entertained to lunch (lamb chops, potatoes, peas, gooseberries and custard) and a singsong. Above he is seen with Captain J. G. Paterson, the commandant of the camp, and the singing conductor, who is leading an action-song on the right

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE feature of the diplomatic week has been the exchange of bouquets between the Prime Minister and Signor Mussolini, and a very puzzling feature it has been. First came the Grandi-Chamberlain conversation, which took place on the initiative of the Italian Ambassador. Then came the epistolary floral tributes, on the initiative of the Duce. Thirdly, in hot succession, came Count Ciano's interview to an American journalist in which Ciano stressed the importance of an Anglo-Italian rapprochement and said that the exchange of letters marked a new phase in the relations between Rome and London.

WHAT is the reason for this sudden parade of friendliness? Because that is precisely what it is—a parade, and a sudden one. The most obvious reason would be that Signor Mussolini is desperately anxious that we should recognise the conquest of Abyssinia before the September Assembly of the League. If the League again accepts the theory that Haile Selassie has the right to be represented at the Assembly, Italy will have received another public diplomatic slap in the face.

But although this is the simplest explanation, it is more than likely that a bigger game is being played. The Duce may be pointing out to Berlin that he is by no means tied to the Nazi war-chariot and that he could easily find friends elsewhere if he wanted to. Or he may alternatively be suggesting to Paris that Britain is ready to join in the famous Berlin-Rome "axis" and that the isolation of France is, in consequence, dangerously imminent. Whichever is the explanation, one thing is certain. Something is up, and from the looks of it, something pretty fishy.

ON the last day of the Parliamentary session Mr. Lloyd George tried very hard to extract a pledge from the Government that if, during the recess, a new policy was embarked upon which involved the granting of belligerent rights to General Franco without a withdrawal of volunteers, they would summon an emergency meeting of the House first. But Mr. Eden flatly refused to give such a pledge. At the moment he stands solidly for his present policy, which is "no belligerent rights without a substantial withdrawal," but if he finds he has to change it, he reserves the right to do so without first summoning the House.

GENERAL FRANCO'S claim that the Vatican had recognised the Salamanca Government turns out to have been somewhat premature, as the Vatican has officially denied that there has been any change in its relationship with Salamanca.

THE only other piece of news this week from the Spanish war seems to be the reply of General Franco to the British Government on the subject of the s.s. Molton, which his cruiser captured in territorial waters under the guns of the Royal Oak. The Molton was carrying no contraband, but was going to Santander to take off refugees, and the British Government has twice demanded its immediate release, with its crew. General Franco's only answer is that the crew were mostly Reds. So the British captain and his men remain in prison.

THE fighting north-west of Madrid during the last three weeks shows, as almost every war shows, that professional soldiers once again are abreast of the theories of the last war but two. The tactics are the same, the ideas just as non-existent, and the results identical. First comes the Government penetration to Brunete; the opening rush is successful; then the pace slows until the advance comes to a standstill. The Government commanders, just like any general in '15, '16, '17, and half of '18, can think of no other device than to attack again at the same place. The insurgents can think of nothing else but a head-on counter-attack. The Government orders "defence to the last," and so the old story goes on. Net result, as in the World War, nothing except useless slaughter.

THE crisis in the Far East is probably of infinite importance to all of us, but there is not much use in my commenting upon it because I do not suppose I know a great deal more about it than you do, and that is precious little, I 'll be bound. There seems to be a lot of marching and shooting and what not. But so long as there is the remotest danger of Fire over England I really cannot be moved to excitement by Fire over Pekin, or as they now call it, Peiping. By the way, do they now call those nasty little corn-coloured dogs Peipingese?

THE Admiralty has at last got control again of its Fleet Air Arm. It takes one back to the days of the R.N.A.S.

(for the benefit of the youngsters and toddlers, the Royal Naval Air Service) which used to operate so brilliantly in the early days of the war along the coasts of Belgium and often as far south as the Ypres salient. There never really was an excuse for the formation of the Air Ministry, any more than for the formation of an Artillery Ministry. All that was ever wanted was the old R.N.A.S., the old R.F.C., and a co-ordinating office to look after supply, research, and civil aviation.

IT is good news that Sir William Jowitt, K.C., is returning to politics and is to contest a seat which he should have no difficulty in winning. His return to Parliament will greatly strengthen the Opposition Front Bench—and it sadly needs strengthening—and will also raise the standard of good looks on it. And that could do with some raising, too.

SO the island-site in Cromwell Gardens goes to the Shakespeare Memorial committee for a National Theatre after all. This is good news, but what a monstrous illumination it throws upon the bureaucratic mind as displayed by the Office of Works and the Treasury. The National Theatre bid £75,000 for the site and a commercial company bid £85,000. The latter was accepted, and so for a miserable, paltry £10,000 the Government was ready to deny the claims of the arts, as well as the rights of the amenities of South Kensington. Fortunately for London, the commercial company's bid fell through, but the episode reflects infinite discredit upon the authorities. It was very nearly a repetition of the miserable story of Carlton Gardens and the egregious Commissioners of Crown Lands.

I HAVE just finished driving a motor-car over several hundred miles of main road in England and Scotland, and I was greatly struck by the ludicrous, and dangerous, number of road signs. Over and over again I came to a "Caution. Road Repairs in Progress" which had either been left behind after the repairs had been finished or put up before they had begun. Again, "Slow. Concealed entrance" or "Carriage-drive" are simply impertinent. Why should main-road traffic have to slow down on the chance of a private owner emerging from his carriage-drive? It would be a good thing if the A.A., in the intervals of rest during the demolition of one of London's most famous houses, paid a little attention to this superfluity of sign-boards.

THE August Bank Holiday week is over, and once again a great national scandal has been allowed to slip by unnoticed, so far as I can make out, except by the *Daily Mirror*, and, of course, the ten or twelve million victims. This scandal is the holidays-without-pay racket. The salaried executive, from clerk to manager-director, always gets his paid holiday; the wage-earner hardly ever. The whole world is being ceaselessly told of our trade boom and our huge prosperity. But nothing is ever done about this bad business. As a charming young friend of mine observed the other day, "There's still one law for the rich and another for the poor—thank Heaven!"

AT the Horticultural Society's Show the other day, two new gladioli were exhibited. One had come from Abyssinia and the other was a white one called "Anthony Eden." Surely it would have been more appropriate if the second one had been called "Sir Samuel Hoare"?

THE suggestion in the correspondence of the *Times* that ladies should not paint their finger-nails has drawn a passionate protest from the editor of *Perfumery and Toiletry*. (What enchanting journals there are in existence if one only knew where to find them!) But neither the editor nor the vehement old fogies who denounce the use of cosmetics on finger, toe, cheek, and lip have noticed the real point, which is, of course, as Wilde said about button-holes, that cosmetics denote a definite attitude to life. They mark a seriousness of outlook. Painted finger-nails, like a Savile Row suit, are a symbol of philosophy.

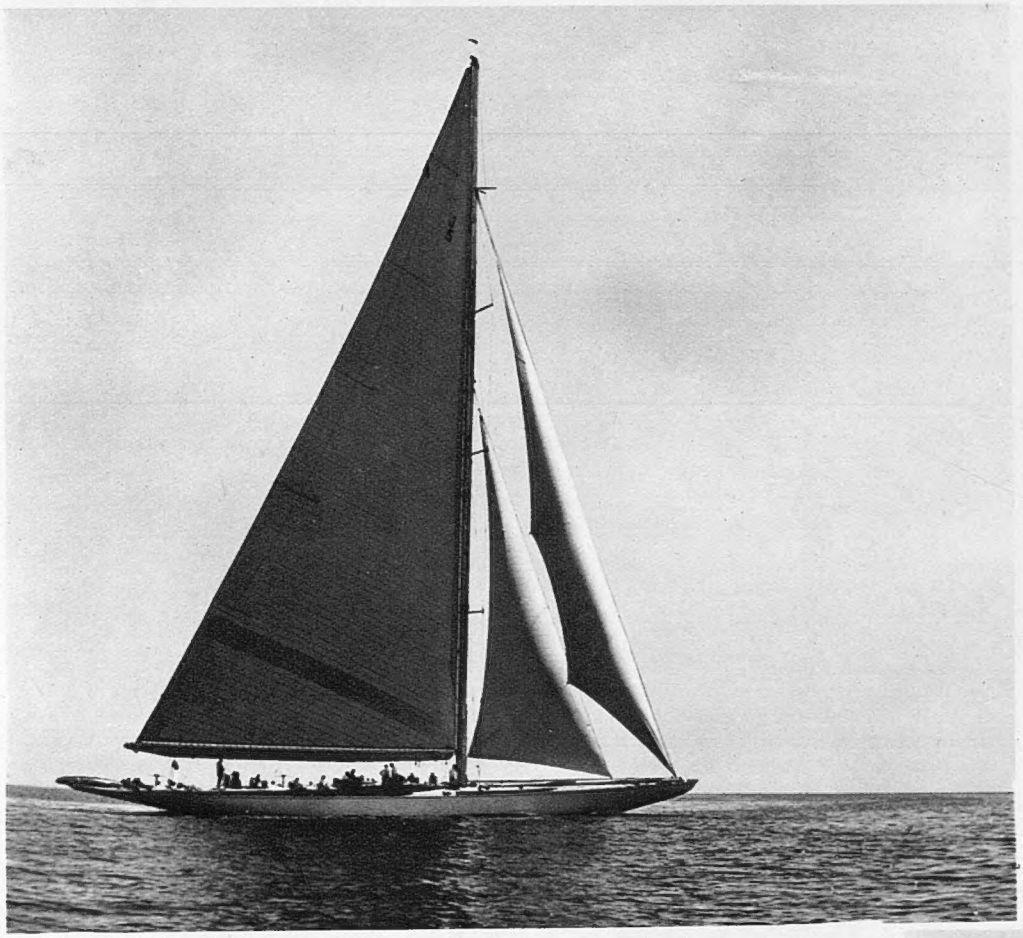
THE America's Cup races were at any rate sailed in the friendliest possible spirit and the whole atmosphere returned to what one might call "Liptonese." The famous grocer was a sporting loser and the Americans, simple folk, loved him for it. They never noticed that the astute old Irishman was making a fortune out of his yachting defeats. The terrific publicity which was earned by the Shamrocks was passed on to the teas.

YORKSHIRE'S defeat by Lancashire in the grim all-in wrestling bout at Sheffield makes the County Cricket Championship a much more open event than it seemed likely to be a month ago. Middlesex has now got a very fair chance of winning for the first time since 1921. Sussex has suffered an eclipse and has faded from view. Sussex is usually within the first three or four in the final table, but since it abandoned its gay spirit of amateur cricket-for-cricket's sake for the dour professionalism of recent years, it has lost something of its old quality.

PADGHAM would probably have beaten Cotton anyway at Crowborough Beacon without the unfortunate incident at the sixteenth hole, when the crowd refused to move out of Cotton's line and he picked up his ball and abandoned the match. But two points of importance arise out of the incident. The first is that golf authorities will have to pay far more attention to crowd-control than they do if big golf is going to continue as a spectacle. And the second is that tempers do not seem so well-controlled as they used to be. When Vardon played Willie Park in their historic match forty years ago, at the first hole the crowd did not wait for Park's second shot but stampeded after Vardon's. Park did not pick his ball up. He placidly sat down beside it and refused to play till the crowd had cleared. And then he slowly walked all the way to the hole and back to show them who was who. They did not get in his way again.

The King and Queen Went to Scotland on Her Majesty's Birthday

The royal holiday party travelled to Aberdeen by special train, thence to Balmoral by car, receiving a rapturous Scottish welcome at every stop (and in between). At Ballater they were welcomed officially by a party headed by Lord Aberdeen (seen with the Queen and Princesses on the right), unofficially by a village square packed with cheering crowds. The King was wearing the kilt and plaid of the Balmoral tartan. At Balmoral the climax came when the royal party changed to Queen Victoria's landau and were pulled at a smart pace up the avenue by employees of the estate, to the delight of everyone, especially the heir to the throne and her sister



Ranger, that Sailing Greyhound, During a Trial Run

T. O. M. Sopwith at the Wheel of His Challenger

Mr. Sopwith Watches the Setting of a Sail

Endeavour II on a Trial Run Off Rhode Island

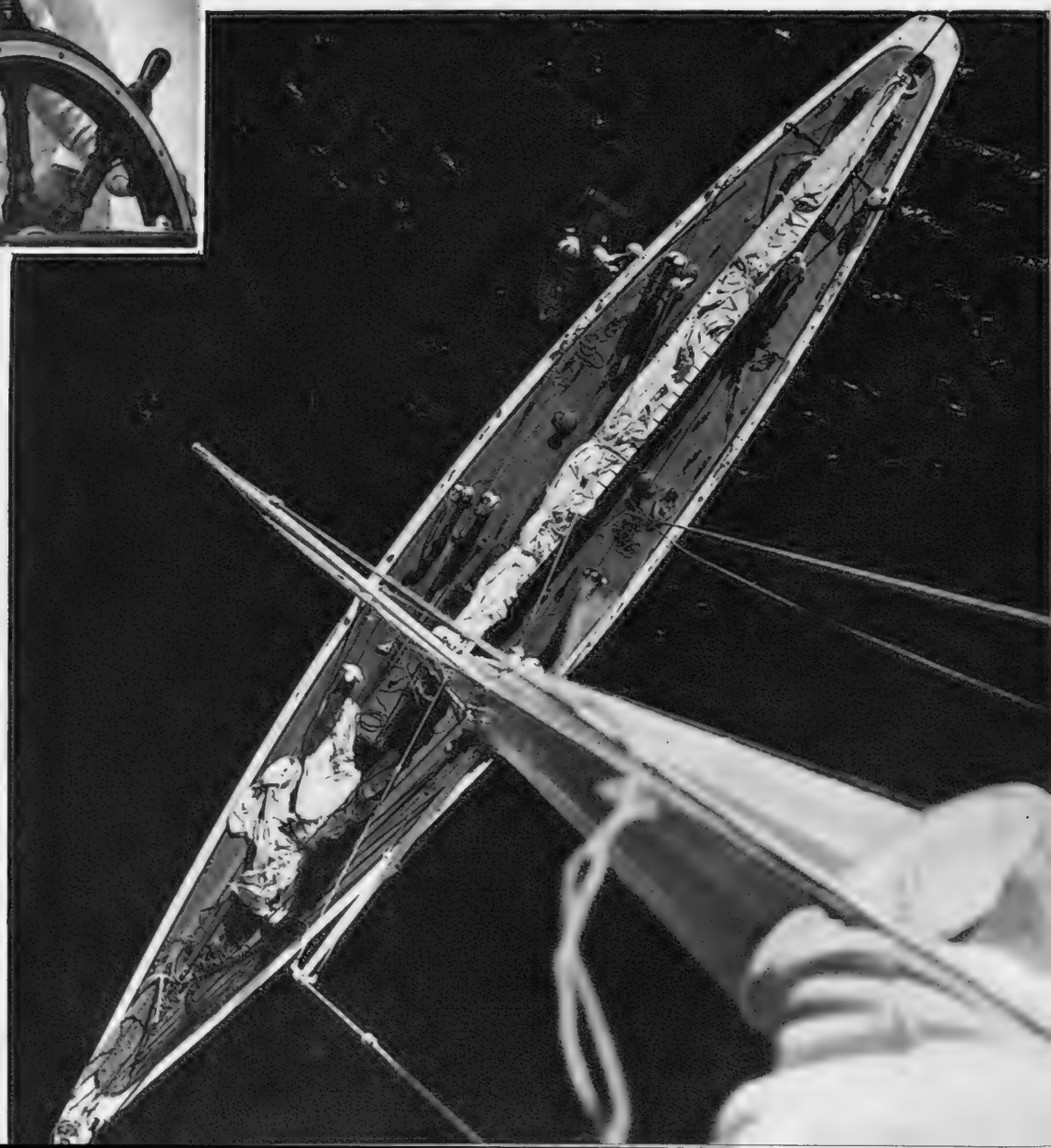
Failure of a Challenge

Endeavour II and Her America's Cup Rival

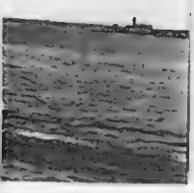
Endeavour's Crew Have a Moment to Watch their Rival

Great preparations, great expectations on the English side: a great victory for the wonderful American yacht—that is the sad history of Mr. Sopwith's second attempt to bring the America's Cup back to England. Mr. Vanderbilt's Ranger, representing the New York Yacht Club, defeated Endeavour II, representing the Royal Yacht Squadron, in four consecutive races—by 17 mins. 5 secs., by 18 mins. 32 secs. (a record margin, mainly due to that fearsome sail of Ranger's, nicknamed "Montague"), by 4 mins. 27 secs., and by 3 mins. 37 secs. Whatever the final verdict on the design and the handling of the two yachts, at any rate, the friendliness of their rivalry and the popularity of the English boat and her owner with the American "audience," will make this year's contest one of the pleasantest chapters in the America's Cup history

Captain H. G. Williams, Mr. Sopwith's skipper, had "the general direction of things, both fore and aft"; his post was "aft on the leeward side, close to the helmsman"



Photographs by Victor de Palma, New York



Right: a gull's-eye view of Endeavour II, taken from the top of her 165-foot mast, which gives a new idea of the slim, beautiful lines of these great racing yachts

The Christening of Diana Elizabeth Virginia Sydney Baird

The Rev. Dr. Burnett performed the ceremony at Fetteresso Parish Church, Mrs. Ian Baird is holding her baby daughter, next is the father, the Hon. Ian Baird, Lord Stonehaven's elder son, then Lady Stonehaven, and furthest on the right is the Hon. Mrs. Michael Mason, the baby's aunt

Right: "Bill" Bracken, the ski-ing champion who has taught the Duke of Windsor, son of Major and Mrs. R. J. Bracken, of Brackenhohe, Kitzbühel, Austria, married Mrs. Anita Grace at the Caxton Hall Register Office. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percival Gaussen

Below: the Earl of Jersey and the film actress Virginia Cherrill were married at the Chelsea register office. Lord Jersey is twenty-seven and the ninth earl; Miss Cherrill appeared opposite Charles Chaplin in his film, "City Lights"

Mr. Bracken and Mrs. Grace

Mr. Gueterbock and Miss Foley

Major Ernest Gueterbock, R.E., youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. Gueterbock, of Bowdon, Cheshire, married the Hon. Cynthia Foley at Cranford St. John. She is Colonel F. W. Foley and Baroness Berkeley's younger daughter

Social Register

Below: Gerald Walter Anthony Denny and Corisande Elizabeth Walker were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He is the eldest son of Major and Mrs. Wriothesley Denny, of Garboldisham Manor, Norfolk; she is the younger daughter of the late Captain Oswald Walker and Mme. de Juge Montespieu, of Séran, Lavaur, France

The Earl of Jersey and Miss Virginia Cherrill

Mr. G. Denny and Miss Corisande Walker

The Theatre

The Malvern Festival

IT is not at all remarkable that thousands of golf enthusiasts should occasionally betake themselves to a remote part of the country with the purpose of watching and talking golf. That is sport, and its organisers will probably never need to adopt the theatrical expedient of coaxing an audience with the offer of "two tickets for one." There is something remarkable however, in the spectacle of playgoers descending in droves upon the decorous hotels of Great Malvern and for a month on end taking the art of drama as though it were a sport.

IT must be owned that things have been made delightfully easy for them. Through the persistence of Sir Barry Jackson and the skill of his organisers, the nine-years'-old festival has now evolved a daily routine pleasing alike to the moderately earnest and the mildly frivolous. The severities of morning lectures by the professors of drama are mitigated by coffee and gossip on the terrace in the pretty public gardens. The play at night is led up to by informal garden parties and rounded off with dancing in the theatre club where the shy, general playgoer is brought into friendly contact with those who practice his favourite art, and everything is as festive as can be expected in the absence of any refreshment more stimulating than coffee.

ONE suspects that the plays this year have offered to lecturers more meagre material than usual. *Susanna*, a sixteenth-century piece lately discovered by Professor Ifor Evans in a Leicestershire country house, turned out to be a better opportunity for the stage designer than for the actor. Sir Barry Jackson himself took the opportunity and took it well, working into a Gothic background of blue and gold suggestions of a garden and of a court of law, and the actors in a rather too leisurely way made a gently pleasing affair out of a rather too leisurely re-telling of the Apocryphal story of how Susanna's virtue triumphed over the devilish designs of the hypocritical Elders. Interest in the rest of the first week centred in Bernard Shaw's latest play, *The Millionairess*. It suffered in performance from the circumstance that the chief character was written for Edith Evans and needs the kind of self-mockery in which she excels. Miss Elspeth March could discover very little to act in the woman who, having been born with the power to dominate all those about her and having no specific interest in power, uses her talents to force herself in marriage upon an unwilling Egyptian doctor. He is protected from her by his mother's provision, that the woman he marries must have lived for six months on a pittance. Epifania is a millionairess, but she has inherited with her millions the mysterious knack of making money out of nothing. She accepts the challenge and wins herself the husband of her whim by reorganising sweated labour and turning a failing country "pub" into a prosperous hotel. This rather thin little fable is embellished by lively farcical tricks and bouts of fisticuffs. G.B.S. clings fondly to the theory that women can easily become as adept with their "dukes" as men, and Epifania duly disables a tedious lover with a straight right to the solar plexus and kicks him downstairs. The farcical tricks are less effective than they used to be in the Shavian theatre, because they are no longer encrusted with wit. Good jokes are there, but each one takes so many sentences to build itself up that we can often see it before it has actually taken shape. There is a good deal of repetition, and the farcical Epifania seems to bear but a remote relation to bosses like Bonaparte and Lenin, whose habit of being born to ride roughshod over the rest of us Shaw deplores in the play's preface. *The Millionairess* is small but drinkable Shavian beer. A.V.C.

Left: Elspeth March plays Orinthia and Stewart Grainger plays King Magnus in the Malvern revival of Shaw's "The Apple Cart"

Below: Scott Sunderland and Cedric Hardwicke in a new play by Gerald Wynne Rushton and T. South Mack

"The Apple Cart"

"The Millionairess": Elspeth March and Hugh Miller

"Return to Sanity"

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A

Eric Maschwitz Is a Well Known Name

So often when you see or hear a thing for the first time you constantly come across it in the next few days. So with Eric Maschwitz, after eleven years of important and active anonymity in the B.B.C., he retires, receives a burst of publicity, and is now good for a headline any day. He had six years as Editor of the *Listener*, and four more as director of variety at Broadcasting House, then everything happened at once: he resigned, he received the O.B.E. (the medal was burgled and returned by the burglars with an anonymous note), his *Balalaika* was produced and is a smash hit, with film rights bought by Paramount and due for production in Paris, New York and Australia this autumn; he is at work on *Bird on the Wing*, a play about Lola Montez for Mary Ellis, and on *Paprika*, a musical to follow *Balalaika*. He is in Budapest now, goes to America for a six-month contract with M.G.M. in the autumn, hopes to return to the B.B.C. in two years. Despite all this, he 's not in *Who 's Who in the Theatre*, which goes to prove the theory that this name to conjure with is new. He is thirty-six

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

SEEING off one of the tweed-and-pigskin boys at King's Cross a day or two ago, we gathered that prospects for the Twelfth are fairly good, except for some of the birdies. The sheep-tick and the heather-beetle have not ravaged unduly, hatching has been good, and the young birds are strong on the wing and looking forward eagerly to to-morrow's romp with the guns. The prospects for beaters are still not so good. As every sportsman knows, the Cambridge biological chaps have been working overtime this year, trying vainly to evolve a beater with a shot-proof skin. Unfortunately, they can't keep pace with the Honours List, and some of the recent creations are expected to do the usual harm to beaters' health.

However, our friend, a keen gun, is joining one of those shoots which don't need beaters, his financier host having acquired one of Professor Lowsey's Game-Eliminators. You 've probably seen this machine discussed in the illustrated sporting weeklies. Birds are sucked in, coveys at a time, by hydraulic pumps into a kind of wide steel funnel, which then discharges them in a solid mass over a given area. Moreover, the birds are simultaneously doped, so that on arrival over the butt they just hang round vaguely a couple of yards overhead till blown to pieces. All the guns have to do is to fire at intervals into the brown without interrupting important business talk.

This year, incidentally, grouse rushed as usual by aeroplane from cold-storage to the West End restaurants on the evening of the Twelfth contain edible shot. A welcome innovation.

Liquid Gold

THE recent crisis in the French perfume industry, involving the recent closing-down after centuries of the well-known distilleries of M. Joseph Nègre at Grasse, will doubtless mean that those tiny squabby flasks of Hocquet d'Amour and Ferme Ta Bouche eminent Parisian couturiers sell rich women at five guineas, will soon cost them ten. The row arose over increased prices asked by the jasmine-growers of Grasse. You 'd think people who live by and among flowers would shrink as nervously from commercial wrangling or anything coarse, as if they were a lot of Beverley Nicholses, but in Grasse the flowers make the citizens tough, and you hardly ever see them fondling their blooms with tears on their long silky lashes, or whispering dainty secrets to them at nightfall. Jasmine is just cheese or old iron to them, and they trip round their fragrant fields with no more display of oogle-poogle than Lord Nuffield's overseers exhibit in tripping round the works at Cowley.

In this they resemble the tough and hairy Bulgarians in the attar-of-roses industry. We forget how many hundred roses go (or went) to make one ounce of attar. Anyhow, the blooms are plucked and pressed and distilled by fierce comitadji who look as if they are about to ride out and carve up a few Macedonians into small but unequal pieces. We 've a vague idea that this industry has now declined and that attar-of-roses is made chiefly nowadays from coal-tar by-products by chemists in Leeds. They still use real flowers to some extent at Grasse, however, as your nose will tell you when you near it in the train. It 's the one place in the modern world where you get some idea of what sailors of the ancient world experienced when passing Pæstum, where the scent of the famous roses was borne over miles of wine-dark sea. The old poets talk as if the honest sailors immediately hove-to and expanded their nostrils with cries of delight. What they probably said was the Greek for "Cripes! What a stink!" and immediately buried their sunburned noses in the bilge.

"But, Beloved, I can cook!"

Dream-Theatre

AFTER the Open-Air Theatre in Regent's Park, now in its third (or fourth?) year of struggling with the bitter English Summer, comes the Lake Theatre at Scarborough, where they gave Gounod's *Faust* the other evening on an island stage (one minor advantage of this—they failed to seize it—being that one could get an extra laugh by pushing Marguerite into the water halfway through the Jewel-Song). This time next year we may see *Hamlet* played in a balloon and *The Merry Wives* played in a diving-bell, demonstrating that the theatre can easily keep pace with the films if it chooses to go haywire. But to us it will never take the place of the horse.

If we were rich and foolish enough, we 'd build the Ideal Theatre, specimens of which still exist here and there in Europe, chiefly as museum-pieces. The Ideal Theatre is a theatre and not an operating-theatre. Its decor is rococo, its colour-scheme crimson and gold, with masses of plush and thick carpets and mirrors and huge full-bosomed caryatids like the old Café Royal, and fat-limbed cupids and amorini, and great gilt swags and tassels and festoons, all rather dusty and frowsy. The curtain is of heavy, hot crimson velvet, and the act-drop is a luscious classic scene full of heavyweight sprawling nymphs and shepherds and fountains and mountains in a blaze of blue sky and gold and crimson. And—most important—the Ideal Theatre *smells* like a theatre. If you don't know what a real theatre smell is like, we pity you. It has nothing of the faint hospital smell

Idioms. No. 7

"Elle a coupé l'herbe sous les pieds de monsieur le colonel"

"She has cut the ground beneath the colonel's feet"

of bleak modern " arty " barns built for plays, nor yet the thick, cold, soapy smell of the Law Courts and Anglican cathedrals and the Houses of Parliament. It is a rich, unique smell, undefinable, thrilling the theatre-lover from childhood to old age, conveying the whole essence and glamour of The Theatre from the time of Thespis by way of the Commedia dell' Arte, past the Elizabethans and the Restoration comedies, past Pinero and Barrie and Shaw, right down to the present day. It is an enchantment and a spell.

We haven't touched on the bars, of which there would be several, each presided over by superb swelling barmaids like ships in full sail, not the pert hop-poles one finds to-day. They would sell (among other things) real or pre-war beer —which just shows you what a fantastic pipe-dream this is.

Well-I-Never Dept.

THE curious American custom of awarding such titles by public vote as Most Popular Long-Term Convict of 1936 and Dance-Hostess Most Likely To Succeed in 1937—if you think we 're exaggerating, an American illustrated has just published a photograph of the Most Attractive Cigarette Girl in New York. She sells cigars and cigarettes at the Casino Venezia, the sweetheart—has now spread to this country, like most other American customs. A girl at King's Lynn High School, Norfolk, has just been voted Most Public-Spirited Girl in the School, and wins a prize. It makes us feel pretty dumb not being able to explain to you here and now what this title involves. The fact is, the words " public spirit " make us vaguely uneasy, and for a schoolgirl to have it terrifies us. She probably knows all about the League of Nations, to begin with. So does A. G. Macdonell, Most Attractive Horizontal Old Wykehamist Tease of 1937—he hardly ever gets up—but he has a decent excuse, namely, that it 's a good thing to kill a dinner-party with. Begin suddenly on the League of Nations and you get away early.

This horizontalism of Macdonell's, now we 're on the topic, is not a mere high-brow pose. He sincerely believes in restoring the Roman amenities to modern social life, and reclines on principle (and cushions) at every dinner-party. This means that if a smart hostess invites Macdonell and, say, nine other people, she has to find fifteen chairs, Macdonell requiring at least six to lie on, with a sufficiency of cushions.

Salesman

IN the matter of ski-ing, our attitude is that of the Wodehouse golfer who said there 's surely enough sadness in Life already without going out of one's way to fasten long planks to one's feet and jump off mountains. In the matter of Alpine climbing, we esteem it to be one of the most masochist exercises yet devised by man, and the agonies of body and mind deliberately courted and endured by Alpinists seem to us to point simply to a pathological explanation. For this reason we were able to join an Alpinist of our acquaintance in sincerely mourning the recent passing of Frau Kessler, who kept the Morterasch Inn, and has just died at Pontresina, for this kind, popular and motherly woman felt deeply for climbers, and was ever at hand with restoratives when they staggered into her inn, half dead with misery, blue with cold, and gibbering like apes after rashly challenging the ruthless powers which inhabit great heights.

The Morterasch Inn some years ago was a good place to throw a party. As the *Times* recalled, the Morterasch Glacier stopped close by Frau Kessler's door, and all she had to do when the ice ran out was to bustle out with a little axe. No American College of Salesmanship ever seems to have despatched candidates for honours to Frau Kessler with orders to sell her a refrigerator, which seems a bit of a reflection on their alleged nerve. The salesman who could sell refrigerators at Morterasch or electric fires in the Sahara could put practically anything across an ad-doped citizenry. The nearest honours test to this we once saw practically demonstrated ourselves. From the Victoria-Newhaven boat-train, as it rushed through a small station in the heart of Sussex, at which about three slow trains stop each day, we perceived an expert standing by the exit with a basket full of tortoises for sale. Not a soul was in sight, barring a porter and a lamp-man, but there he stood, full of sales-drive, ready to equip the travelling public with tortoises at a moment's notice, and to make everybody tortoise-minded. We thought it rather fine, and trusted he would be found not unworthy of the traditions of the old College.

Green Light Dept.

AUNTIE *Times* having used the words " sissy " and " pansy " in a recent leading article on the death, in America, of Mr. Vivian Burnett, the original of Little Lord Fauntleroy, the rest of Fleet Street (which has up to now shrunk with its customary old-world delicacy from using two such admirably descriptive and necessary words) may take it that they are now permissible, being stamped with Auntie's official *imprimatur*.

Some day we must quote you a list of the good, plain English words in common use which Fleet Street still bars as " indelicate." You won't half giggle.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" I never know what disguise my husband will assume next "

Baron

Monsieur Charles R. Paravicini, the Swiss Minister

M. Paravicini, the very distinguished-looking Swiss Minister, has held his post in London since 1920, and is one of the most respected and popular members of the Corps Diplomatique here. He and his wife and family are equally popular socially, and have made their home, the Swiss Legation in Bryanston Square, one of the most charming houses in London. M. Paravicini was born in Bâle; his wife comes from Berne, and that is where the Paravicinis' Swiss home is. Mlle. Livia and Mlle. Jacqueline Paravicini are their two attractive daughters, and they have one son, M. Vincent Paravicini, who married Miss Lisa Maugham, Somerset Maugham's daughter, just over a year ago

" Checkmate "

" Jeux d'Enfants "

Ballet Titles in Bric-à-Brac

Devised by Gordon Anthony

Below : *" Symphonie Fantastique "*

" L'Après-midi d'un Faune "

Anna Adrianova

An American Dancer with Col. de Basil's Russian Ballet

Photographs by Anthony

As She Appears in "Choreartium"

In Her "Aurora" Variation

Anna Adrianova comes from Rochester, N.Y., and was trained locally until she joined Colonel de Basil's company in 1935. Soon after that she was given six months' leave of absence to go and have lessons in Paris with Kchessinska and, as happens to all good young dancers who have the chance to learn from that great teacher, her work improved enormously. When she returned to the company she was given several important solo rôles, in all of which she was seen last month at Covent Garden: in *Aurora's Wedding* (one of the seven Variations), *Choreartium*, *Symphonie Fantastique*, and a short attractive solo in *Les Cent Baisers*. She also plays the Mother in *Beau Danube*. She is a most promising dancer, with a clean, true technique, good musical sense, and a charming gentle stage personality to match the lightness and softness that are the special qualities of her dancing. Like the rest of the company, she is now on holiday until September 6th, when the autumn ballet season at Covent Garden begins

An Old Gag?

Detective-Sergeant Tolley (Henry Caine) to the man at the safe (Wallace Evennett): "Who are you?" "My name's Smith, of Turner Bros."

A Tender Moment Over Stolen Property

"Yes, I should say quite forty pounds": John Fothergill (Owen Nares) studies a trinket and Sally Grosvenor (Ursula Jeans) studies John Fothergill

How

Bugsie (David Burns) g Fothergill (Owen Nares it loose with soup—use

"They Came By Night"

Barré Lyndon's Second Crime Comedy Settles Down at the Globe Theatre

The "Soup" Does Its Stuff

An Important Discovery

Detective-Inspector Harvey (George Butler): "This is stolen property, Mr. Fothergill"

Blow a Safe

...es lyrical on his art to new recruit : "Stem around the combo—blow ... puller—and juggle the bolt levers"

They Came by Night is from the same stable as the now veteran *Dr. Clitterhouse*, and while not quite so amazing, it is just as amusing, and shows its parentage clearly. Barré Lyndon has a kindly (and knowledgeable) touch with crime, and one could never imagine a villain from his pen as antipathetic as, say, in that other play where night had to fall for murder to be out. Owen Nares' skilful touches lend life to the figure of the romantic kindly jeweller who becomes fence despite himself; Ursula Jeans is equally charming as heroine of their laconic love; David Burns produces a character similar to his dumb tough of *Three Men on a Horse*; and Cees Laseur is one of the reddest-bloody criminals ever seen. The hero finally gets out of trouble and into luck as he never deserves, but no one minds this false ending in the carefree atmosphere created by Mr. Lyndon at the Globe Theatre

Sinking deeper into crime, Fothergill tries to pump Smith (of Turner Bros.) about details of safe manufacture; but succeeds too well in making him drunk: Wallace Evennett and Owen Nares

Left: master to pupil again (Burns and Nares): "This is your first job, isn't it? If you watch me you'll be able to pull one yourself"

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by John Everard

Bugsie Is a Dandy

"I'll have to bust another can to get the swell tuxedo to go with these buttons"

The "Busies'" Triumph

Miss Cicely Courtneidge and Mr. Leslie Henson kept a good many of the early inhabitants of Eden Roc laughing while they were there. They both had new musical shows to come back and rehearse for after their holidays

Miss Ursula Gibbons, Lady Orr-Lewis' daughter, has been Roc-bathing. She was out there with her brother, Edgar Gibbons

Miss Anne Mitchell, one of the many American girls who did the Coronation season, is with the lovely Princess of Berar. She and her husband had a most strenuous summer in London, the Prince representing his father, the Nizam of Hyderabad, and deserve their Riviera holiday

In the Sun On the Roc

Left: two more London comedy faces belonged to Bud Flanagan and Jimmy Nervo (that sounds all wrong). They and the rest of the "Crazy Gang" go back to the Palladium on September 1st

Californian Miss Barbara Bristow takes the prize for Roc clothes. The turban is black and silver newspaper printed oilskin, and the coat is black, lined with black and white to match her swim-suit

Left: Miss Mary Ellis is yet another stage star who has done her holiday sun-bathing on the Eden Roc orange mattresses

Schall, Paris

A Perfect Water Sport—Sea Ski-ing Off Cannes

Thoroughbreds : Harpo, Groucho and Chico with a Horse

They mean well, God help them, in their efforts to win the race for the hero with this decrepit mount whose own expression speaks worlds

Chico Redecorates

It looks as if he's been pouring something over her

Groucho Takes a Siesta

But no one expects him to sit still under that rug for long

"A Day at the Races"

And What a Day, with the Marx Brothers

Unfatigued by their night at the Opera the Marx Brothers (now they are three) are fresher for their new film than the paint that gets slung in *A Day at the Races*. Their continuous and uproarious out-slapsticking slapstick triumphs over an attempt to sentimentalise their motives ; to Marx fans (and we know it 's no use trying to convince others) the film is one long laugh. Harpo as a winning jockey, for instance, must be seen to be believed. The film is at the Empire

Below : they mean well, too, in their efforts to rehabilitate the heroine's decrepit nursing home : a surgery is a paradise to them, of course

. . . With Harpo Marx Up

His outfit just misses being smart all along the line, but he 's smart enough to win

Films of the Day

Marxian Progress to Popularity : By George Campbell

SEVEN years ago I asked a young couple to do a movie which I thought funny enough to see a second time. It was called *Coconuts*. The husband, a tired business man, went to sleep. His wife, after vainly trying to prod him into wakefulness with surreptitious digs in the ribs and (I suspected) pinches in the leg, decided to laugh it off. The poor dear had been working so hard, and the four what-do-you-call-'ems (I mustn't mind, of course it wasn't my fault) really were awful, weren't they? But we didn't have to listen to them, did we? Gallantly she set herself to entertain me with gossip of mutual friends, and funny stories, in no way deterred by the fact that they weren't going so well with the people round about us. . . . Six months later I ran into them again. I really *must* do a movie with them. It was called *Animal Crackers*, and the people in it were quite too brilliant. Yes, the Marx Brothers.

That, I think, tells the story of a good many people's reactions to the four brothers who became three when Zeppo turned into an agent. Baffled incomprehension, discovery that highbrows and the Bright Young thought them very funny, a further discovery that *they* thought them funny too—only the first picture *was* so bad, wasn't it?—and so to a West End vogue, with highbrow critics solemnly analysing the Marx Brothers' art in terms of Bergson, Croce and surrealism.

In the Provinces, where people are more honest, but not so quick in the uptake, they don't give a hoot for surrealism. They just like comedians to be funny. And they didn't think the Marx Brothers funny at all. For one thing the Provinces don't like satire. For another the Marx Brothers talk too fast. Lines like these, delivered at top speed without the slightest pause between them—

WAITER : There 's a man to see you with a black moustache.

GROUCHO : Tell him I 've got one.

—simply passed over the customers' heads without making the slightest impact.

Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer, when the Brothers switched over from Paramount, decided to broaden their appeal. Their first film for M.G.M., *A Night at the Opera*, had a clearly defined plot and a love story between two other important characters. The burlesque wasn't quite so wild, the dialogue not quite so crazy. Now *A Day at the Races* carries the new policy a step farther. A nice young girl (Maureen O'Sullivan) is in difficulties with her sanatorium. Her boy friend by way of helping, invests his last fifteen hundred dollars in a horse. They are losing on both investments until Groucho arrives as Dr. Hackenbusch, an eminent horse-doctor. He gingers up the patients in the hotel; Harpo rides the horse to victory in the craziest race ever seen even on the screen.

Fundamentally, as you see, there is nothing new in the story. In fact, it 's the thirty-year-old one about the boy and girl who defeat the usurer and lift the mortgage on the farm. It is the garnishing that counts. The Brothers all get their chances individually and together, and the rest of the production is as elaborate as a million-dollar musical. Groucho used to have all the limelight. In *A Day at the Races* he is no funnier than Chico with his tour de force on the piano, or Harpo, with his brilliant pantomime, extraordinary skilful playing on the harp, and imitation of a Pied Piper leading a crowd of negro children singing some sort of spiritual. Altogether as delightful a picture as 1937 is likely to give us.

"Easy Living" is a Good Comedy

And Edward Arnold and Jean Arthur are good comedy players. The young man is Ray Milland, who is English but takes a high place in this Hollywood foolery. The director is Mitchell Leisen, and the film is now at the Plaza

THIS department lifts its hat, too, to Mitchell Leisen for his direction of *Easy Living*. Edward Arnold is the screen's chief specialist in roystering comedy, and if there is a cleverer comedienne than Jean Arthur, these old tired eyes have not beheld her. This time Mr. Arnold plays a banker with an extravagant wife and playboy son. His son walks out to take a job in a cafeteria. At the same moment, while the banker's nerves are still raw, the butler presents a bill for £10,000 for his wife's new sable coat. It is the last straw. He chases her all round the house and throws the coat from the roof. It falls on Miss Arthur, she wears it to the office of *The Boy's Constant Companion*, and the editor decides that a girl on whom sable coats drop from the heavens is not the sort of girl for a nice boy's constant companion. He fires her.

The rest is as wild a mix-up as anything in *A Day at the Races*, only played, now and then, with just that touch of gravity that makes comedy so much funnier. Louis Alberni scores heavily as the manager of an empty hotel which immediately becomes fashionable when word goes round that the banker is having an intrigue there; and Ray Milland, the young Londoner, plays the prodigal son with an easy charm that should take him a long way.

"Bystander" Short Story No. 99

The Fatal Link

By B. L. Jacot

Illustrated by Batt

THE bridge-keeper had been watching the car for some time as it made its rapid ascent of the long white mountain road. On the Neuchâtel end of the ravine it drew up with squealing tyres, and out of the window the driver poked a head conspicuous for its neatly-trimmed beard. He spoke French with a halting English accent.

"Can I get to Malvillers by the upper road, or must I take the right fork along the valley?"

This was an expensive car and the Anglais looked of the wealthy type from whom one might expect a comfortable pourboire.

"The valley road, M'sieur," he said, "is six kilometers longer, but the upper road is not considered safe."

"It is permitted to use it, then?"

"Mais oui, M'sieur!"

The man with the beard nodded. The pourboire passed, and the big car crossed the bridge. Where the road forks at the beginning of the forest of Jura pines, the car bore to the left, following the upper road. Among the trees it pulled up. Using a pocket mirror and a bottle of alcohol, the driver deftly removed the beard and the heavy eyebrows. On the side of the road he made a small bonfire, burning the disguise with the aid of the remains of the bottle of alcohol, then, emptying a bidon of petrol over the upholstery, he released the hand-brake, and as the car began to coast he threw in a lighted match.

The car ran steering itself on the camber for some two hundred yards before striking the white safety-rail, then, with a splintering of wood, it crashed out of sight. By the time Grayson reached the gap, a column of smoke was rising from the debris hundreds of feet below.

The muscles of his face twitched, grotesquely drawing at the hair-fine threads of the surgeons' scars as he stared for a moment at the wreck. It was weeks since his shrieking nerves had snapped; he was in a bad way, unable to control the cold sweats that would come on him from time to time, as he heard imaginary bursts of shooting.

With the gait of a sick man he set off on foot for the village of Malvillers, which he knew, from the careful survey of the route he had made a few days before, to lie a matter of five kilometers ahead. He reached the village lost in the Juras with the gathering dusk, and from the aubergiste at the village inn obtained the keys to the little châlet next door.

For the evening he was content to set a light to the fire in the bedroom and put himself to bed. The walk had exhausted him, the shake in his hands had returned, but that night he managed to sleep. With his safe arrival Grayson had completed the last stage of his carefully planned journey. Peace lay before him.

In the morning the sounds of the inn-keeper's wife preparing his breakfast in the little kitchen below woke him. All arrangements about this furnished châlet had been made by letter from Neuchâtel. He had used an entirely new name, which corresponded with that on an entirely new passport. All the remainder of his papers Grayson had then burnt.

He lay for a while in the soft feather bed watching the slant of clear Swiss sun sifting through the pines to print weaving patterns on the bare, honey-coloured boards of his bedroom floor. The unbroken weeks that lay before him seemed sweet to him then. A nervous system long since drained of its last resistance to the calls of dangerous living nagged him dangerously for peace.

Grayson had carried out the details of his flight into security with the thoroughness which had always characterised his meteoric career. It was just over twelve months since he realised that his time had come. He had set himself desperately to anticipate it; yet, week by week, month by month, that swift burst of shooting haunted him, riding him like the Old Man of the Sea. It was waiting for him round every corner. Yet it never came.

His iron nerve broke under the unrelenting strain, and, jumping at shadows, he now found his organisation out of control, his henchmen deserting, nation-wide publicity advertising the fact that he was a wanted man.

Yet Grayson managed to drop out of sight as completely as if he had been lost at sea.

A competent surgeon peeled his fingers and slicing along the lines of his jaw-bone and the turn of his nostrils re-shaped his face. Big money again bought him a variety of unimpeachable forged passports. By way of Canada at length he sailed to Liverpool. He lost his new identity in Liverpool and faded out of sight for some weeks in the country-side of England. On a new passport he left London eventually for Paris. Again discarding his identity, he travelled to Switzerland by car, which he abandoned once over the frontier, and from the little town of Neuchâtel on the shores of the lake, he had negotiated the rental of this châlet in a forgotten village that was old when the middle-ages were young.

Three times he had completely changed his identity, leaving no trace. Grayson had convinced himself that he had left no possible link with the life he had left behind.

A tap on the door brought his heart leaping into his mouth.

"The petit déjeuner of M'sieur is ready," the inn-keeper's wife announced. "Shall I wait?"

Pressing a hand against the drumming arteries at his throat, he controlled himself with an effort. He told the woman to leave him. In the sunny little room downstairs he found a breakfast of coffee and hot rolls, and ate with appetite for the first time for months.

He had only the clothes he stood up in, with a change of linen, but in his pocket was a fat roll of Swiss bank-notes. At Lausanne, in the strong-room of a bank, was a box in the name he now used, with enough funds to see him comfortably enough through several years of retirement. He only had to lie up now and give his health a chance to mend. Sooner or later the echo that was haunting him would fade. After that it would be easy.

That morning he sat out in the sun on the balcony at the back of his châlet.

(Concluded on page 236)

Cannons of Hollywood

The Viscountess Cranley

It is just a year since Lord and Lady Cranley were married; they now live mostly in London where they have a flat in Chelsea, and some of the time in Dorset where they have a house, Sturminster Newton. In the winter they hunt with the Portman. Lord Cranley, who is twenty-four and in the Life Guards, is the Earl and Countess of Onslow's only son. He comes of a very political family; the first Baron Onslow, who died in 1717, was Speaker of the House of Commons and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and most of his descendants have taken their part in the government of the country. Lord Cranley's father has held a number of posts and has been Chairman of Committees and Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords since 1931, and his aunts are Lady Iveagh and Lady Halifax. Lady Cranley, who is twenty-two this year, was the Hon. Pamela Dillon, and is the only daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Dillon. Her only brother, the Hon. Michael Dillon, is in the 15th-19th Hussars, and has been serving with the Trans-Jordan Frontier Force

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Medicine for the Doctor : By Alan Thomas

THE first thing to say about Dr. A. J. Cronin's latest book, *The Citadel* (Gollancz ; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is that the author has written a first-rate novel. The story is well planned, the action swift and the interest absorbing. The reader is held from the first page to the four hundred and fifty-sixth. Next, the book contributes to a social problem. This problem centres round one of the closest trade unions in the world, known as the medical profession. Our author-doctor is in a belligerent mood. He is on the offensive. Having personally reconnoitred the ground, he launches his attack—and a fierce attack it is. His charge is, briefly, that there are too many eminent doctors about who pocket the guineas without delivering the goods, or who lay their hands on fees they have no right to. "In good-class practice," says one of Dr. Cronin's Harley Street highwaymen, "oral administration is definitely outmoded. If I prescribed—oh, say a veripon powder, at the Plaza, it wouldn't cut one guinea's-worth of ice. But if you give the same thing hypodermically, swabbing up the skin, sterilising and all the rest of the game, your patient thinks, scientifically, that you are the cat's pyjamas!" Which is to say that Old Adam, among his many aliases, is a respected member of the medical profession.

In tracing the fortunes of a clever young doctor named Manson, who is keen on pioneer work and is honest enough to speak his mind, Dr. Cronin affords himself ample opportunity of exposing abuses and incompetence. Manson starts in a Welsh mining town, where the only method of getting a new sewer built is to blow the old one up. The explosion is the first of many in Manson's career. Wherever he goes he finds prejudice, ignorance, chicanery and graft. And the higher he rises the more there is. "You wouldn't believe the stunts we 've pulled," says a leading light of Queen Anne Street. "D' you know my latest ? Three guineas a time injections—of *sterile water*!" (I could fill columns with quotations of this kind.) Not that Dr. Cronin is merely destructive. Manson's final speech before the G.M.C., where he is answering a charge of "infamous conduct in a professional respect," is full of constructive suggestions showing how the abuses might be remedied.

Dr. Cronin in writing this book is to be congratulated not only for his craftsmanship but also for his courage. He himself has stormed the citadel, and *The Citadel* in turn will storm the town.

I DOUBT if Miss Eleanor Dark's considerable reputation will be enhanced by her new novel, *Sun Across the Sky* (Collins ; 7*s.* 6*d.*). The book spans a day from sunrise to sunset, in the lives of a handful of people in a luxury resort called Thalassa. It is somewhere on the Australian coast, but, except for incidentals like surf-riding and sharks, the place differs little from its English counterparts. The town is the creation of Sir Frederick Gormley, who began life in the gutter, and Miss Dark makes him the usual fiction type of loathsome self-made magnate. His preoccupation on this particular day is to down the poet-philosopher Kavanagh who owns the squalid fishing village on the edge of Thalassa, and refuses to sell it to Gormley. Kavanagh is another stock fictional figure. "Laughter thundered out of him, rich and Rabelasian. Speech was no longer a mere medium of communication—it was an art—a black art—a magic with which unguessed miracles could be wrought." And so on.

A more subtle conflict is waged between the local doctor, Oliver Denning, and his lovely wife Helen. Although she loves her husband, her state of mind is such that she thinks of her marriage as a mental and physical rape. Miss Dark's study of Helen and her neurosis seemed to me to be flawless. Denning, "who had a mind like a windy seaside house," found consolation with a woman painter who had achieved fame with her study of a squashed ant and a large boot.

Miss Dark resorts to violence and melodrama to solve her characters' problems. But the book is worth reading for its fine full-length portrait of a woman obsessed with a sense of outrage.

THOSE who read Mr. Lee Shippey's *Where Nothing Ever Happens* will be on familiar territory in Ourville, California. Here also lived the heroine of his second book, *The Girl Who Wanted Experience* (Harrap ; 7*s.* 6*d.*). The young lady in question is Maxine Tuyler, and her eyes, which were big, beautiful and brown "seemed always to be looking for romance." She found it in several directions, and to the discomfiture of several wives. The peace of Ourville was in fact very seriously disturbed, even to the extent of murder being done. And it was only the sagacious handling of the situation by Judge Trent that held the community together. There is a quiet, philosophic tone about Mr. Shippey's writing that appeals to me very much. Every now and then he embellishes the story with pithy asides, viz. : "The frothy part of Society may be the shallowest thing on earth, but it is surprising how many people get drowned in it." The racing interlude which occurs two-thirds of the way through the book seemed to me to be a flaw in the construction ; but otherwise the story flows pleasantly on, and makes entertaining reading.

"CIRCLE" is a book which will appeal to all those who make any claim to follow tendencies in modern art. It is a comprehensive survey edited by J. L. Martin, Ben Nicholson and N. Gabo, and entertaining contributions from painters, sculptors, architects and writers of fourteen different nationalities—Herbert Read, for example, on The Faculty of Abstraction, Barbara Hepworth on Sculpture, Maxwell Fry on Town Planning, Walter Gropius on Art, Education and State. "In starting this publication," say the Editors, "we have a dual purpose ; firstly, to bring this work [i.e., new ideas in art] before the public, and secondly, to give artists the means of expressing their views and maintaining contact with each other." The book is well documented, completely indexed and splendidly illustrated. It is published by Faber and Faber at 21*s.* If anyone is looking for a guide to modern artistic achievement this is it.

THE sixpenny Penguins continue to multiply. The latest brood includes *Ghost Stories of an Antiquary*, by M. R. James ; *The Murders in Praed Street*, by John Rhode ; *Selected Modern Short Stories*, by a dozen authors ; and *The Hampdenshire Wonder*, by J. D. Beresford. A fine selection for one hatch.

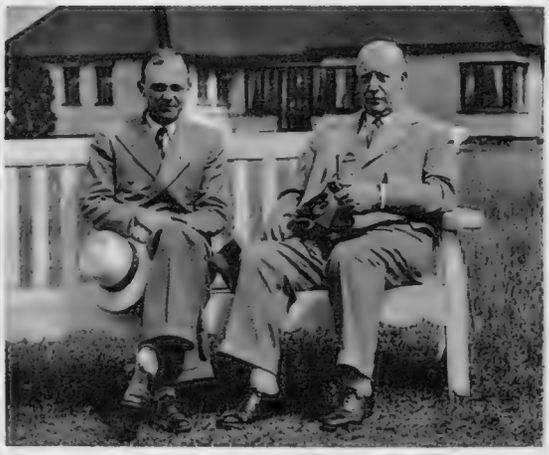
"Don't sell that one! I haven't read it yet"

In our issue of July 14th our reviewer stated that Mr. George Long's book, "English Inns and Road-Houses," contained over 130 photographs. This is incorrect as the number refers to plates; the number of separate photographs is 235.

Golf Clubs at Home: Westgate-on-Sea

The Westgate-on-Sea and Birchington Golf Club is easily accessible from the towns from which it takes its name and from Margate. It lies to the south of the main Canterbury road. Laid out in the neighbourhood of the cliffs, with views of the sea from many points, the course presents an interesting if not strenuous round. The club-house has a cheerful atmosphere with its up-to-date lounge and dressing rooms for men and women

L. J. Carr (captain)



H. Burnard and Arthur Read (proprietor of the club)

B. C. Macnamara (vice-captain)

H. G. Lewis

R. H. Clark (ex-captain)

H. W. Roots, H. W. Milne and Rex Brooke

A. I. Read (hon. secretary) and W. J. Cowan

Val Setterfield (ex-captain)

Left: C. Jenkins (steward) and Jack Hickman (professional)

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

HAVING just taken to the humble bicycle myself as a means of transport, convenient, pleasant and admirable exercise for the potentially corpulent, I followed with considerable interest the course of the great bicycle road-race round France, an event of the utmost importance.

I don't know that I should recommend road-racing as a summer sport. It strikes me as being excessively strenuous. In the French affair, which has just ended, for example, the competitors averaged considerably more than twenty miles an hour over a two-thousand-mile route, much of it through mountainous country. They climbed above the snow line. They swept down mountain passes on rough roads at fifty miles an hour. They skidded into ravines. They froze and sweated alternately. A tremendous business, I assure you, and a record of physical endurance which dwarfs most other athletic performances. It is no wonder that Frenchmen regard it as the major sporting event of the year.

I doubt whether I shall ever participate in it, but I have discovered, egged on by my small son, that it is possible even for the aged to average some fifteen miles an hour on tolerably flat roads. And a more agreeable way of seeing the country I cannot imagine—I say this deliberately after experiencing the hazards and humours of a minor bicycling tour, including the ascent—on foot—of those monstrous hills out of Hastings and Folkestone.

I have, in short, become a devotee of the bicycle, and if by chance you should think of following suit, I have one piece of advice to give you. Buy a lightweight machine. There is no need to push a ton of ironmongery about. The modern bicycle runs remarkably freely, and you will float through the air with the greatest of ease. The sport—and it is worthy of the name—is really becoming very popular.

IT is, perhaps, odd that I should be thinking of bicycling, for I am writing this on the St. Lawrence cricket ground at Canterbury, right in the middle of the most famous and historical of all cricket weeks. The sun is shining, Frank Woolley, alas, has just popped up a catch to short leg, after making some of his most gorgeous strokes, and Kent seem to be heading, most appropriately, for victory over Hampshire. Kent have had a lean season, I 'm afraid, but at the moment such unhappy thoughts are out of place.

We may be permitted to wonder, however, whether Middlesex will not snatch the county championship from under the very nose of Yorkshire. The position grows interesting, at any rate, and everything depends on how many matches Middlesex can manage to win outright. They will have some difficulty with Surrey on the Oval wicket, and Kenneth Farnes may trouble them when they play Essex at Chelmsford. They meet Warwickshire at Birmingham without Walter Robins and possibly Compton, and the Birmingham wicket is another one which hardly encourages quick finishes. Then they should win a couple outright—Somerset and Kent at Lord's—but Notts may give them a fight at Trent Bridge, and they wind up with Surrey at Lord's, where they should manage to pull it off in three days.

Middlesex, in fact, have a very tolerable chance, and a very lively side they are nowadays, with H. G. Owen-Smith in great form, and plenty of fast scorers, and an excellently varied attack.

WHEN you read this, incidentally, the England team for next Saturday's Test match will have been announced, and I hope it makes stimulating reading. The selectors cannot have been impressed by what they saw at Manchester, though Hutton went some way towards establishing himself, and thirty-six-year-old Goddard did his stuff to polish off the New Zealanders in their second innings.

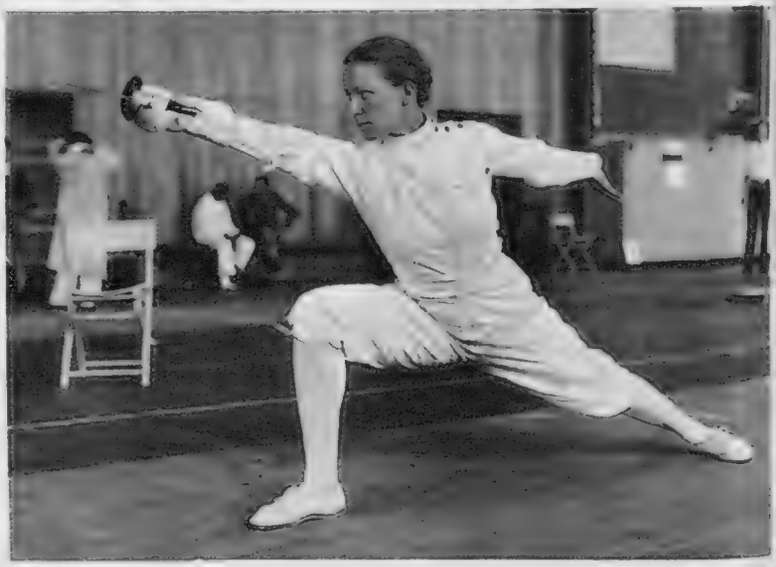
The whole match, however, did not really help those of us who try to be optimistic about England's cricket chances. We kept imagining that the Australians had suddenly taken New Zealand's place, and we wondered just what would happen with Bradmans and

Flying to Run

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. San Romani were on a honeymoon trip to Stockholm when he got a wireless at Plymouth to come and run a mile for the U.S.A. at the White City, in the big Bank Holiday athletic gala. He flew up to town and collected fifth place in the race Wooderson won for Britain ; not bad—on a honeymoon

Luncheon to Athletes

They gave the White City international athletes a lunch at the Savoy while they were all in training, which was rather bad luck. But Lord Desborough wasn't, nor was the sprinter, Mr. H. H. Abrahams, who are seen here. The latter broadcast the meeting, which drew huge Bank Holiday crowds ; Great Britain won four out of eight track events, as well as the relay



Fighting to Win

Helene Mayer is the new woman fencing champion of the world. She won the title from the previous holder, Elek Schacherer, Hungary's Olympic victor, in the world championships at Paris. Helene Mayer is Dutch and comes from Amsterdam

McCabes and O'Reilleys in the field against us.

I cannot believe that Hardstaff of Notts is really a Test-match player, beautiful maker of strokes though he is. He has no technique against spin bowling and, somehow, he seems to lack the essential solidity. We could do with Maurice Leyland back and in form, but I hope for this final Test the selectors will give all our youngsters a chance. At present we seem to be heading for chaos next summer, and how the Australians must have laughed when they read of the full batting strength of England collapsing ignominiously against New Zealand on a dead Old Trafford wicket!

IN the meanwhile we are drawing near another great event, the fight between Tommy Farr and Joe Louis for the world heavyweight title, which takes place in New York on August 26th. Farr seems to be causing various impressions among the American critics, but the majority opinion does not give him much chance. Farr is confident enough—a little too confident for my liking—and I doubt whether many people in this country share his amazing optimism.

The British Boxing Board of Control have been sticking their collective finger into the pie by declaring that they regard the Farr-Louis fight as an eliminating contest for the championship, the winner to meet Max Schmeling. I sympathise with their decison, illogical though the whole position is. Max Schmeling was disgracefully side-tracked, and when Braddock would not fight him for the title, although he was the obvious contender, the title should have been declared void. Certainly Louis has no proper claim to it, and even if Farr does happen to beat Louis, no one will regard him as the world's best heavyweight until he has also beaten Schmeling.

Titles are empty things, and the plain man over here is fair-minded enough to realise that Farr cannot in justice be regarded as champion simply on the score of a victory over Louis. Farr, moreover, has just turned down an offer for a fight with Schmeling in London in September, and that is surely a pity.

Farr has a difficult row to hoe. If he imagines that he is going to make a fortune, he is sadly mistaken. He will find America an expensive place for fighting men. I doubt whether he will make much out of his championship fight, when expenses and managers' cuts and what not have been reckoned up. He would have been well advised, I fancy, to stay at home and let the money come to him. But there—we shall all be wishing him luck on the great night, and if he does win, he will have done a considerable service to British boxing.

ANOTHER British venture in America has failed, for Endeavour II, in losing her first four races to Ranger, leaves the America's Cup still unmoved from its home in the United States. Once more we are forced to deduce that Ranger triumphed partly, at least, through better handling, although it has been generally admitted that her hull design is superior, and her new artificial silk quadrilateral jib gave her some advantage.

Mr. Vanderbilt's Scandinavians make about as fine a racing crew as could be, and they are trained to perfection. Mr. Sopwith's afterguard may contain equally fine seamen, but its preparation has not been so long or so thorough. The whole affair is another example of American specialisation against the more casual methods of British competitors in international sporting events.

Flying Officer B. K. Burnett, R.A.F. lawn tennis champion, Captain G. O. Jameson, R.E., Army champion, Lieut. W. D. Muspratt, R.N. and R.M. champion, were first strings in the respective teams which met for the Services Championship at Wimbledon, won by the Navy. Muspratt beat both the others on the first day

Comdr. Stoker and Rear-Adm. Royle

Right: Comdr. H. G. Stoker and Rear-Admiral G. C. Royle were laughing at the camera at the Navy lawn tennis championships: the former commanded the first submarine to force the Dardanelles and is now acting in "Housemaster"; the latter was Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty

Below are the finalists in the schoolgirls' lawn tennis championships at Queen's: Rosemary Thomas (Wallington) beat Bubbles Whitmore (The Abbey) in the senior event; L. Churcher (St. Swithin's) lost to P. Gannon (North Middlesex) in the under-sixteen event. Miss Thomas is only fifteen and could have entered for the junior, but justified her own sporting attempt

Captain Legard

Captain C. P. D. Legard was photographed in the boiling sun of August Bank Holiday at Le Touquet's polo club. He was playing for the 5th Inniskilling Dragoons, who were one of the regimental teams meeting French opposites at Le Touquet

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Future Halford Hewitt Cup Meetings

Too many golfers the Halford Hewitt Cup Meeting at Deal is the most enjoyable golf meeting of the year. Unfortunately the number of entries is now so large that the meeting, even with the final played on the Monday morning, cannot in future be completed under the present arrangements unless play takes place on an additional day. I do not think that an extra day's play will find favour with many of the competitors and therefore do not consider this suggestion worthy of consideration.

This year forty-nine schools entered and, owing to two scratchings, forty-seven schools sent 470 representatives, not including reserves and camp followers, to Deal. In future the number of entries appears likely to increase rather than to decrease.

In spite of the fact that this year the meeting took place later than it does usually, play was completed with difficulty in extremely bad light on the Friday and darkness stopped play on the Saturday before four schools could complete their matches. The arguments that, if it had not been for bad weather and the numerous matches which went beyond the eighteenth green, play would have been completed in daylight, do not appear to me at all sound. The extra daylight available on a clear fine day would not have been sufficient to allow all the matches to finish. It is quite obvious to anyone that in a competition of this size, a large number of matches are absolutely certain to go beyond the eighteenth green. If you look through the records of the matches played this season by the South Africans, or in your newspaper on Monday mornings at the results of the numerous team matches which take place at week-ends, you will find many halved matches.

Those in charge of the arrangements for the Halford Hewitt Cup Meeting have sufficient knowledge of the game to know for certain that numerous matches are bound to go beyond the eighteenth green.

I have heard many suggestions for future meetings. Some of the suggestions most worthy of consideration are as follows :

1. That play on the Friday should take place on two courses.
2. That the draw should not be made sooner than fourteen days before play starts. If this is done it should be possible to omit the schools which scratch from the draw.
3. That the number of entries be limited.
4. To start summer-time on the day the competition starts, instead of on the Sunday of the competition.
5. To reduce the teams to three pairs per school, instead of five pairs.
6. To employ rangers to try and make competitors play quicker than many of them do at present and to see that players, whose matches are over, cease play.
7. To start play on the Thursday.
8. To play the semi-finals and the final on the Monday.

I am personally convinced that all the difficulties would be solved and general satisfaction given to all the schools if Suggestions Number One and Number Two are carried out.

If on the Friday half the entry plays at Deal and the other half on another course, 52 schools (five more than this year) can be accommodated and play need not start until 8.35 a.m., and the last matches would start at 3.30 p.m. Moreover, another very great advantage would be that the final could be played on the Sunday afternoon. The final on the Monday has never been popular with the players concerned in it, it is watched by only a handful of spectators, and, consequently, is usually a complete anti-climax to a very great meeting.

When the final was on the Sunday afternoon, great interest was taken in it and the majority of defeated players stayed on to watch.

This year play started on the Friday, at 8 a.m., and the last match, which could not finish in comfort, was due off at 3.55. On the Saturday play again started at 8 a.m., and the last pairs were due off at 4.40; on this day the last four schools to start were not able to complete play and some of their players had the most unenviable task of completing their matches early the next morning.

With two courses in play and an entry of 52 schools it would be necessary to play only eighteen matches on each course on the Friday. If the schools which do not play at Deal on the Friday comprise half the draw and consequently have not to play any school which plays at Deal on the Friday until the final, the schools which play all their matches at Deal should not have any great advantage, as the finalists, who played on the other course on the Friday, will have played three rounds at Deal and will have been similarly placed to all their opponents, except their opponents in the final.

The arguments against Suggestion Number One are the procuring of another course, the question of transport and the question of green fees.

There should surely be no difficulty in procuring another course and I do not think that the present entry fee need be increased. The Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club was content when the number of schools playing was about twenty, so, if half the entry money goes to the other club, Deal will receive a very similar remuneration to that of a few years ago. Of course, the club at Deal has spent money on improvements to accommodate the larger number of entries, but even so, no one can possibly deny that the holding of the Halford Hewitt Cup Meeting on its course is a very great asset to any club and many clubs would be only too willing to spend money to have it played on their courses. The Halford Hewitt Cup Meeting is so popular and enjoyed by so many golfers, many of whom go to Deal purely to watch and not to play, that it behoves all those responsible for its well-being to do everything possible to assure that in the future it can be played in comfort, and I feel sure that it will be if Suggestion Number One and Number Two are carried out.

Halford Hewitt himself desires, more than anyone else, that all those who go to Deal for this meeting should enjoy themselves, but I am afraid that this year some players and also some supporters, at some moments, were not amused.

Bridegroom, Bride, Best Man

Harry Bentley, ex-amateur golf champion, was the bridegroom, Anna Schnitter, German stage and screen actress, was the bride, Henry Cotton was best man, the wedding was at Emanuel Church, Southport, the honeymoon was to be a golfing one

Bank Holiday Golf at Le Touquet

Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Quilter play energetic golf during their Le Touquet week-ends. His cousin, Raymond Quilter, was second to J. Cavrois in the Belgian Amateur Championship a fortnight ago

The Hon. Sir Alexander and Lady Theodosia Cadogan were waiting to start their round. He has been Deputy Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs since last year; his wife is Lord Gosford's sister

1.25a.

how
to write it
and yet
not
hurt his feelings? . . .

ever noticed
how
a cigarette
will help you
over
this
difficult problem? . . .

seeming
to marshal
your chaotic thoughts
into
lovely
smooth
easy-running phrases.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

A Matter of Horse-Power

By Charles Ward

Giant Air-Liners

THE first of fourteen "Ensign" air-liners that are to replace "Heracles" and its sisters on the European and Near Eastern routes of Imperial Airways, is almost ready for test. It has been built at Armstrongs' Hamble factory, adjacent to the A.S.T. aerodrome, where trials will take place. Four thousand horse-power is needed to propel the "Ensign" at a maximum speed of 200 miles an hour. It weighs 21 tons and will carry 42 passengers to European capitals or 20 in sleeping berths on the line from Cairo to Calcutta. Normal range is 760 miles, with a ceiling of 20,000 feet. The "Ensign" probably marks the upper limit of size for land-planes operated from aerodromes, as we know them to-day. Specially reinforced runways, either of concrete or some other hard substance, will be needed for still bigger aircraft, not only to insure against bogging in wet weather, but to keep the run for taking off within a practical distance. The Russians needed a full 2000 yards for the take-off to cross the North Pole. This was a stunt flight in the sense that no pay-load was carried, but commercial aircraft are demanding very long runs and there is a limit to the amount of ground available.

A Gliding Revival?

AT the other end of the horse-power scale are gliders and sailplanes, assisted into the air by small motors. This has been regarded by many genuine enthusiasts as a form of cheating—they say gliding and soaring should be practised without any artificial aid. The fact remains that in Germany, Russia and the States, the art and sport of gliding is very much more firmly established than over here, to our disadvantage. Some form of co-operation between the gliding clubs and those subsidised for power flying is needed, whereby the former receive more financial support from the Government or aid from the light 'plane clubs for towing purposes, and members of the latter gain experience of air currents and the behaviour of clouds by soaring practice. In Germany and Russia there are at least 15,000 glider pilots, whereas we have no more than 1000, most of whom have had little practice in soaring. In spite of this difference, the British team at the Wasserkuppe acquitted itself with distinction, which is good reason to claim more official encouragement. Gliders in war may have little actual value, though one can visualise night launches over enemy territory from the tow-rope of an aeroplane for the purposes of espionage. The glider pilot would be considerably better off than a man similarly launched by parachute.

New Types in the Air

THE King's "Envoy" has made its first flight carrying His Majesty. It was built at Portsmouth by Airspeed, has two Armstrong-Siddeley engines, and a cruising speed in the region of 180 miles an hour. The T.K.4, designed and built by students of the de Havilland Technical School, should be watched for the King's Cup Race in September. It is entered by Lord Wakefield. Top speed should be 220 miles an hour, which makes it a worthy opponent of the Mew Gull, hitherto our fastest private racer. Aspiring young designers are offered a prize of £100 by the College of Aeronautical Engineering for the best effort, using a Cirrus "Minor." Entry forms can be obtained from Captain Duncan Davis at Brooklands, where the winning design will be built and flown. There is no entry fee.

Fan-dancer flies to London: Eileen Coleman, who revived the ancient Egyptian dance of the Seven Veils to prove that the "strip-tease" and the fan-dance are almost as old as the hills

The Fatal Link

(Continued from page 228)

The village was a cluster of wood-built houses with roofs reaching almost to the ground. Nearby was the inn with its pastures of mountain grass. Cows roamed the hill-side, and the intermittent tinkle of their heavy bells pricked the silence of the valley, cut off from the rest of the world by the forests and grey circle of the mountains. Life went leisurely in this forgotten spot.

At the inn, Grayson imagined, they had set him down as an invalid in search of quiet and rest—and they were not far from the truth at that. There would be no post, no visitors, nothing to connect him with the outer world. He had laid his plans well. But there would be gossip. Grayson expected it. He saw no danger in that.

Towards noon as he dozed in the sun, the inn-keeper, with a heavy basket on his back, paused on the far side of the low stone wall beyond the veranda. He was on his way home with a load of bread.

"M'sieur will find," the old man said, "health in the mountain air. It is well known."

Grayson's face twitched into the skeleton of a smile. "I hope so," he said, in his halting French. The way to meet gossip was to encourage it—on the right lines. "I have been ill, you will appreciate. In South Africa the climate is not as this. When one retires from business one hopes to have good health, is it not? Soon I shall be leaving for my own home, in London."

The old man shifted his load to the top of the wall. "The M'sieur then has left his business in South Africa?"

"I have finished with business. Now I must recover my health. With your good climate and simple food this should not take long." The pipe in his hand trembled violently as a bout of nerves shook him like a leaf. But taking a grip of himself he conquered it, though the effort left him with moisture beading his forehead.

"You shall have good food," the old aubergiste assured him kindly. "We grow what we eat and it is good. The good Swiss milk, the golden butter of our pastures, the wine from our vineyards—we live to a great age here, M'sieur. You shall be well." His eye roamed over the distant vineyards, set like steps on the southern slopes. "Lucie, my wife, you understand, she is a good cook. For your souper, M'sieur, what would you say to a lièvre—a young mountain hare?"

The strain of the conversation was beginning to tell on Grayson, but he nodded. "That would be fine."

The old man shouldered his burden. "That you shall have, M'sieur. I, myself, will attend to it. You shall see."

Grayson followed the old man with his eyes as he made his way to the back door of the inn, to disappear inside with his basket. The sun was hot and the heavy scent of the pine forests was like a healthy drug in his nostrils.

His chin sank on to his breast and the pipe slipped from his nerveless fingers to the ground. Natural sleep was returning to Grayson for the first time for months.

IT happened suddenly. From beyond the stone wall, the crashing report of a gunshot. It was followed immediately by a second discharge. The figure sprawled in the sun on the veranda gave a convulsive leap, mouthing dumbly. Then, half risen, the legs collapsed underneath it and it slumped heavily to the floor.

Fifty yards away in the bright sunlight of the pasture, the aubergiste whistled to his dog. Then, laying aside his smoking shot-gun, he ran to meet the dog returning to him with a young hare trailing from his mouth.

It was the aubergiste's wife who found Grayson's body where it had fallen on the boards. The doctor from over the hills certified his death in general terms as due to heart-failure. He had no reason to suspect that haunting fear, the one link which no man is able to destroy. Grayson had planned too well.

THE END

This England . . .

Stonehenge, Wilts.

QUARREL we would not with the line—"what should they know of England who only England know?" But let it be said, and firmly, that he who knows this England, knows much. What d'ye seek—the monuments of eld? Menhir and cromlech, monolith and circle, we have them all. What d'ye lack—summer snow or winter flowers? They are here. Strange meats is it you need for your comfort—then try lardy johns or a lamprey stew. And the "wine of the country"? Out of the soil that bred you, ripened in the climate that made you strong, come resinous hop and golden barley blended for your delight by an ancient craft—what fitter than Worthington, that waits everywhere upon your rovings in this pleasant land.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

Length and the Long Handicaps

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

IT is all very well for the argumentative to say that length is of no particular value to a golfer, and that it is the short game that counts. I should like such a one to spend an afternoon, as I have just done, checking two hundred and twenty-six cards—no less—which the month of July has brought in for our spoon competition. By the time he or she had found thirty net scores in the bronze division ranging from sixteen below par to eight below, and in the silver division a similar number from eleven below to five below, some questioning must surely have obtruded into the most obstinate mind. Why such low scores? If now, why not in the winter?

The answer, as I see it, is briefly comprehended in the one word "length." The ground is dry; the meanest performer can hit the ball over two hundred yards. The extra length given to a first-class golfer by this hard ground does not make it possible for her to beat her previous best by a round dozen of shots; she will put her second on at a four-hole whether she is taking a No. 3 or a No. 7 to it; possibly one, or at most two, five-shot holes have shrunk to the range of a four, but the extra length is no great help to her; what she craves is an additional chip shot or so near enough for one putt.

IT is the bronze division that benefits most, for the short player and long handicap badly needs something which will make it possible for her to miss a shot and still get up in the same number of shots; that is what the extra run or length means to her. That long hole where, in winter, she needs three of her best, is to be reached just now with an indifferent drive, a half-topped brassey and a scuffled iron; modern bunkering leaves such vast expanses free from cross-bunkering that this mode of progression can get away with it. Or the good two-shotter, inaccessible to her with normal run (or its absence) can be stormed now with a couple of anything, and when it comes to putting it down on a card, her two anythings look precisely the same as the two perfect shots of the good player.

Which things ought not, perhaps, so to be, but they are, and accordingly a vast number of good cards win no spoons this month, because of the utterly phenomenal ones.

AMONGST the unlucky ones is a card from Humewood, Port Elizabeth, where the scratch score is 80. Mrs. Parrish has returned a sound 94—15=79, but "one below" is out of the hunt this month, though often enough it would be well in it. However, when January, 1938, comes in, things will be altogether better for the members of clubs in the Dominions, for a BYSTANDER spoon will be given each month to the best return from a Dominion player, if it does not win one of the ordinary ones. Players overseas have, of course, been able to send in for the spoons, and can do so for the rest of this year, but only by attaching a coupon of the month before and contriving that the card reaches this office not more than a month late. From January next, no card will be too late, provided it bears the postmark within one week of the day it was taken out, as it will merely be entered for the competition of the month in which it reaches the office.

Notices are to be sent out to every club overseas which is affiliated to the L.G.U.; this is only a preliminary notice.

The coupon of the month current in the country of posting, at the time of posting, will have to be sent with the card, but under this plan no part of the Empire will be too far off to win its share of BYSTANDER spoons.

North of France

Le Touquet was the place, Bank Holiday week-end the time, Miss Diana Fishwick and Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Cornelius the people

ENTRIES are coming in fast for the Girls' championship, and quite half of them are from brand new entrants, which is highly satisfactory, because it is pretty certain that all the old ones who are still eligible will come again, and the fresh ones add such zest and may spring so many surprises. English, at present, outnumber the Scots, but the Scots have it in low handicaps, which looks as if they will have a good try to hold on again to the Stroyan Challenge Cup. It is, however, rash to prophesy before all the entries are in; there are various well-known English names missing so far and it is highly improbable, to say the least of it, that they mean to sit down tamely after two defeats.

ONE ex-Girl international, by the way, asked the other day if her having played for Scotland at Stoke Poges would debar her from entering for the English championship at St. Enodoc this autumn and taking up the English qualification which she also has. To which the answer is, that the playing for either side in the Girls' International does not, in L.G.U. eyes, mean an irrevocable choice. That has to be made when playing in the English, Irish, Scottish or Welsh championship, for having once played in any of these, no alternative qualification may then be taken up, but the Girls' International is not under L.G.U. auspices and therefore binds nobody.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

North of England: Holiday Golf at North Berwick

Miss Rowena Dutton is driving, watched by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Dutton. She was presented at the Holyroodhouse Court by her aunt, Lady Hay of Haystoun. Mrs. Dutton is Sir Duncan Hay's sister

Two more Holyroodhouse debutantes who were early at North Berwick and merrily striding along in its bracing air were Miss Margaret Haldane and Miss Sheila Laurie

Fashion as it flies . . .

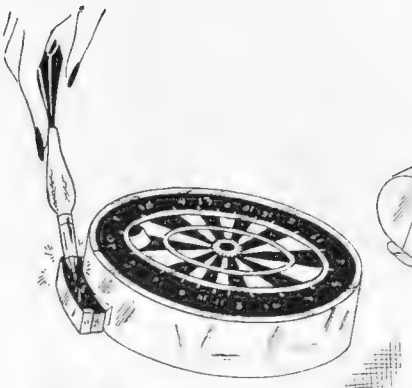
by Elizabeth

Though Autumn looms ahead, there are still many weeks in which to wear this charming ensemble which is entirely made from the new jersey fabrics which were recently launched by Celanese. The simple dress with a draped neck is in printed Jersey Hungari, a delightfully supple material with a dog-tooth stripe, while the slim-fitting redingote is in black Jersey Ondé. Bouclé effects are reflected in crêpe Knop Jersey, another new material, whereas Crystal Jersey shows a broken slub design. All these new fabrics possess unusually good draping qualities and are practically uncrushable. Many are perfectly lovely for evening wear, while others such as Corduroy Jersey lend themselves more to day clothes. They are available in a vast choice of colours and are sold practically everywhere

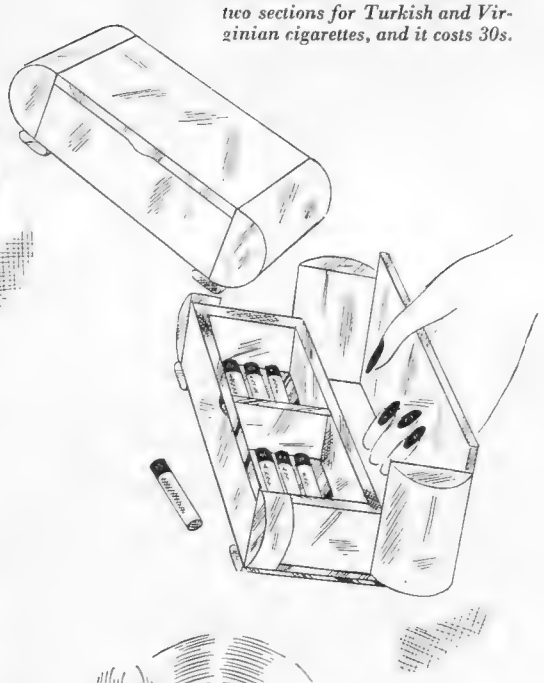
First On the Fairway

There is nothing like a round of golf for keeping fit, since it affords splendid exercise in congenial surroundings. It is essential, however, to be suitably dressed, as any form of discomfort such as tight shoes or a narrow skirt is a sore handicap. Lillywhites of Piccadilly Circus and 90, Brompton Road, the well-known specialists in sportswear, are showing the suits pictured on this page. Standing with her hands on her hips is a prospective player wearing a coat and skirt of closely woven jersey fabric with a broken hairy surface which suggests tweed. The belted jacket has four buttons, rounded revers and curved hip pockets. It is accompanied by a three-panel skirt with a plain back and zipper side fastening, and is available in several colours including copper and smoke-blue for seven guineas. Seated beside her is her partner dressed in a delightful knitted bouclé jumper suit which buttons up to the neck, and has short sleeves. The double flap triangular pockets are in keeping with her Eton collar, while the skirt has an inverted pleat which allows for long strides. It is made in white, biscuit, and other shades for five guineas. The "International Golfer" is a smart alternative for warm days, since it is made in gaily striped unshrinkable piqué, and consists of a full gored skirt, and long shirt with a special buttoning attachment which prevents it from riding up. The sleeves are cut to allow perfect freedom, and the complete outfit only costs two guineas. For wet days, Lillywhites advocate trousers in double texture proofed poplin and a blouse coat in the same material, though for broad hips a divided skirt should be substituted. Shoes offer a wide choice, and a practical style is the model on the far left in rust-coloured reversed calf with a hand-sewn Norwegian front. The ankle strap adds greatly to the comfort of the wearer as it supports the foot and prevents the heel from slipping forward, while clenched nails in the leather soles provide a firm grip. Immediately below is a hand-made shoe in "Aquatite" calf for 56/6.

New designs in cigarette boxes are always appearing, and the latest idea is this "Hurricane" chest in natural wood from Philip Morris. It has rounded corners and a pivoting lid by which it can be carried. There are two sections for Turkish and Virginian cigarettes, and it costs 30s.

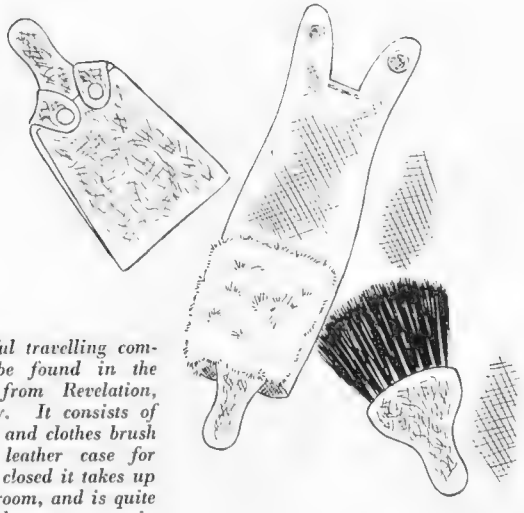


This miniature copy of a regulation dart board has been converted into a table lighter, and may be seen at Philip Morris, 22, New Bond Street. It costs a guinea and is charged with petrol, while the "striker" is in the shape of a dart and lights automatically



"Fluffy" accessories are always becoming and relieve the severity of a tailored suit. A charming blouse in blue and white pin-spot georgette is sketched on the right from Burberrys in the Haymarket. It is trimmed with soft frills and costs 59s. 6d.

Stripes are always effective particularly in contrasting colours, like the model above which is knitted in brown, raspberry and blue. The wool is soft angora and it comes from Burberrys who specialise in smart accessories to wear with tweeds



A really helpful travelling companion will be found in the gadget above from Revelation, 170, Piccadilly. It consists of a boot polisher and clothes brush packed in a leather case for 7s. 6d. When closed it takes up practically no room, and is quite invaluable both on a train journey and week-end visit

Tied in a negligent way, the scarf on the left from Burberrys would lend a pleasing touch of colour to a white linen suit, as it is made in printed crêpe de chine with a brightly painted design depicting graceful couples dancing the minuet. It has a fringed border and costs 10s. 6d.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

I HAVE sometimes thought that the Brooklands slogan, "The Right Crowd and no Crowding" is not wholly devoid of wistfulness. Promoters of sporting events like their fixtures to attract "the right crowd," but I am not so sure that they view with equal favour the "no crowding" part when gate receipts come to be off-set against expenses. For the International Trophy Race, I should say that the right crowd definitely did get crowded at times—certainly I have never seen the enclosures look so densely packed and, from a glance at the Pits Stand and the Fork Grand Stand, I should describe the crowd as the most elegant I have ever seen at Brooklands—particularly on a Bank Holiday.

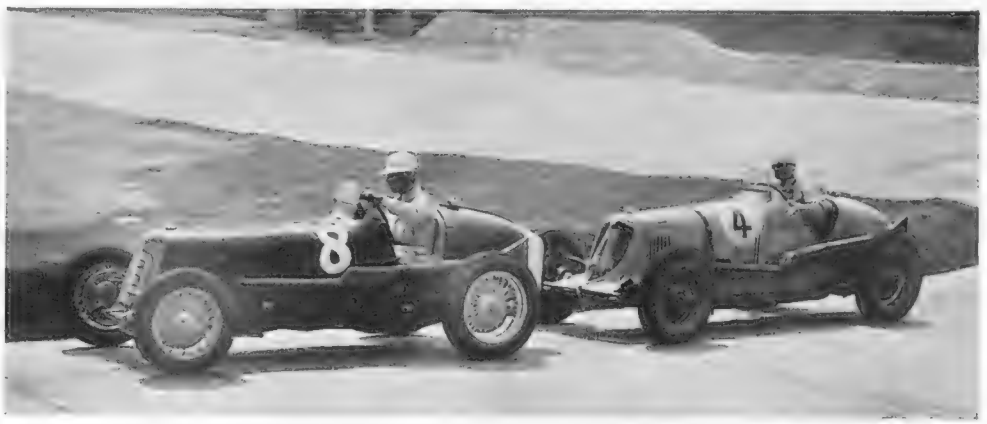
The car parks were most interesting too, and I could not help being struck by the increasing number of high-grade cars with open bodies which are finding favour. It really looks as though the pendulum were beginning its backward arc.

As to the race itself, this was definitely good. The system of handicapping by providing channels of varying severity for the different classes has the supreme merit of making it easy for the uninitiated onlooker to follow what is going on, for it means that the first man round on each lap is actually leading in the race. This idea was evolved and developed by the Junior Car Club, organisers of the International Trophy Race, and they alone are permitted to use it at Brooklands. It was also left to the initiative of this go-ahead Club to give us, this year, the first rolling-lap start ever to be staged in Great Britain.

It is a pity that, once again, so many of the most interesting entries failed to materialise, for the withdrawal of Trossi and Rovere, the Dixon-Special, Whitehead's E.R.A., Hadley's Austin, and Ashby's Alfa Romeo robbed the race of much of its interest

NEVERTHELESS, the start provided a grand spectacle with the twenty cars which really did start thundering along behind Cobb's Sunbeam on the preliminary rolling lap, to pounce forward in a higgledy-piggledy mass when the lap was completed, wildly jockeying for position as they tore down to the first corner in a raucous, swaying bunch.

(Concluded on page iv.)



The Duel

Big crowds at Brooklands for the 200-mile race for the J.C.C.'s International Trophy hoped for a duel between "B. Bira," last year's winner, and Raymond Mays, last year's second. They got it. May's E.R.A. and "Bira's" Maserati soon emerged from the twenty starters and were wheel to wheel for eighty miles, after which the Italian car retired in black fumes, leaving Mays to win as he liked

Women's Golf: "Bystander" Monthly Medal Spoon Competition

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the scratch scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive, fifteen spoons are awarded in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. purposes are eligible. One spoon is given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap.

Cards must be sent to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so as to reach her not later than the first day of the month following that in which they were taken out.

A Yearly Challenge Cup and Memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER Spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

July Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
The Viscountess Knollys	Wentworth	75	13	62	73	11 below
Miss A. D. Mist	West Kent	82	17	65	76	11 ,,
Miss A. C. Scargill	Wetherby	83	18	65	75	10 ,,
Mrs. Violet Rhys	R. Blackheath	74	8	66	74	8 ,,
Mrs. R. J. Hogg	Alnmouth	81	14	67	75	8 ,,
Mrs. P. W. Waite	Ashford Manor	84	16	68	76	8 ,,
Miss Mary Crowther	Huddersfield	81	11	70	77	7 ,,
Miss Pat Shaw	Ashford Manor	82	13	69	76	7 ,,
Mrs. Hearn	Downe	84	15	69	76	7 ,,
Miss J. Thomas	North Oxford	81	17	64	71	7 ,,
Mrs. H. V. Roache	Erewash Valley	85	18	67	74	7 ,,
Mrs. A. C. MacLean	Chevin	74	7	67	73	6 ,,
Miss M. Harding	Heswall	77	10	67	73	6 ,,
Mrs. N Forster	Congleton	74	12	62	68	6 ,,
Mrs. C. S. Watson	Harrogate	81	13	68	74	6 ,,
Mrs. J. H. Taylor	West End (Halifax)	78	13	65	71	6 ,,
Mrs. M. Coogan	Withington	83	15	68	74	6 ,,
Mrs. Hughes	Camberley Heath	82	15	67	73	6 ,,
Mrs. Vigers	Wentworth	83	16	67	73	6 ,,
Miss Valentine Urie	Turnberry (Arran Course)	87	17	70	76	6 ,,
Mrs. F. Gresswell	West Bradford	82	17	65	71	6 ,,
Mrs. W. A. Bancroft	West End (Halifax)	82	17	65	71	6 ,,
Mrs. M. K. Dunlop	Bellingham	81	17	64	70	6 ,,
Mrs. G. B. Smith	Sale	85	18	67	73	6 ,,
Mrs. Waugh	Brancepeth Castle	74	4	70	75	5 ,,
Mrs. J. Stewart	Brough	74	5	69	74	5 ,,
Miss Jacqueline Gordon	Stanmore	74	5	69	74	5 ,,
Miss M. Mitchell	Woodsome Hall	76	6	70	75	5 ,,
Mrs. H. L. Flint	Sherwood Forest	77	8	69	74	5 ,,
Mrs. F. Hall	Hull	79	9	70	75	5 ,,

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. G. O. Papworth	West Derby	94	36	58	74	16 below
Mrs. J. P. Pool	Shrewsbury	90	30	60	75	15 ,,
Mrs. Broadwood	Blackmoor	94	33	61	75	14 ,,
Mrs. J. Latimer	Alnmouth	97	36	61	75	14 ,,
Miss Hetherington	Datchet	96	36	60	74	14 ,,
Mrs. Purce	Trentham	82	19	63	76	13 ,,
Miss Eve Stott	Pollards Hill	86	28	58	71	13 ,,
Mrs. Hall	Hesketh	97	36	61	74	13 ,,
Mrs. D. M. Harrington	Newport	96	34	62	74	12 ,,
Miss Charlotte Fisher	Wetherby	94	30	64	75	11 ,,
Mrs. P. McLelland	Morden Park	100	36	64	75	11 ,,
Miss B. M. J. Lennard	R. Blackheath	84	20	64	74	10 ,,
Miss C. Croft Baker	Cleethorpes	87	25	62	72	10 ,,
Mrs. W. G. Williamson	West Derby	92	28	64	74	10 ,,
Mrs. A. Roberts	West Bowling	89	28	61	71	10 ,,
Miss D. Crawford	North Wales	92	29	63	73	10 ,,
Mrs. Nicholls	Aston Wood	86	19	67	76	9 ,,
Mrs. M. A. Eames	Dulwich and Sydenham Hill	94	28	66	75	9 ,,
Miss Sylvia M. West	Chevin	94	30	64	73	9 ,,
Mrs. Killey	Ringway	95	32	63	72	9 ,,
Mrs. B. Claybyn	Derbyshire	98	33	65	74	9 ,,
Mrs. H. E. G. Piper	Cuddington	101	34	67	76	9 ,,
Mrs. A. R. McEwan	North Wilts.	98	34	64	73	9 ,,
Mrs. Betty Spiro	Ealing	101	35	66	75	9 ,,
Miss M. Wilkinson	Northampton	101	36	65	74	9 ,,
Mrs. C. Westendarp	Aldeburgh	86	19	67	75	8 ,,
Mrs. J. D. Jardine	West Lancs.	87	22	65	73	8 ,,
Mrs. Chapman	North Oxford	85	22	63	71	8 ,,
Miss J. Day	Pollards Hill	88	25	63	71	8 ,,
Mrs. R. Rowe	West Kent	94	26	68	76	8 ,,

The spoon for the best gross score of the month which does not win a handicap spoon is awarded to Mrs. J. B. Watson, who returned 77 gross at Longniddry, where the scratch score is 78.

WOLSELEY 1880

Until recently a mountain track, and now a highway, the Col de l'Iseran is the highest pass in the Alps. It rises over 9,000 feet, opens up a new and shorter route between Geneva and the Mediterranean, and takes the motorist through some of the most majestic scenery in Savoie.

Comes out on top

Mr. H. E. Symons, the famous Motoring Correspondent, driving a Wolseley 18/80 h.p. car, in the course of a tour over the Alps, climbed 5 Alpine passes, a total height of over 40,000 feet. Included in these was the newly opened Col de l'Iseran road.

Despite the long and gruelling ascents, the Wolseley travelled with amazing ease.

Nothing but a combination of power in all its amplitude, perfect carburation and cooling which will meet the most arduous conditions, could have accomplished this feat.

The Wolseley 18/80 has automatic ride control, thermostatic carburettors, and all the other Wolseley successful features, including Dunlop tyres, Triplex Glass, and Jackall Hydraulic Jacks. It develops 80 b.h.p. and will cruise comfortably at 70 m.p.h.

Saloon £295. Saloon de Ville £335

WOLSELEY MOTORS, LIMITED, WARD END, BIRMINGHAM, 8.
London Distributors: Eustace Watkins, Limited, Berkeley Street, W.1.
Sole Exporters: M.I.E., Limited, Cowley, Oxford, England

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

WOLSELEY
THE CAR WITHOUT A DOUBT

Motoring Commentary

(*Continued from page* ii)

As the cars came into the turn, Raymond Mays shot ahead, but on the corner itself, Parnell wriggled through to emerge first, closely followed by Featherstonhaugh and "Bira." Parnell maintained his advantage right round to the Fork Channels and beyond, but on the Byfleet banking he was caught and passed by Mays and "Bira," who thus set out upon their electrifying duel which was to bring them round on each lap practically neck and neck for nearly 90 miles.

Then "Bira" blew up and retired with his Maserati in a pitiable state. After this Mays, on the E.R.A., had it all his own way and was never really challenged, although Wakefield on his works-tuned Maserati worked prodigiously hard in his efforts to catch the leader.

Of the twenty starters, no fewer than thirteen cars retired and of the remaining seven, three failed to complete the distance within fifteen minutes of the winner and so were flagged off.

Mays, in winning, took 2 hours 27 minutes 23 seconds, his average speed being 82·30 m.p.h.

Wakefield, 3 minutes 44 seconds behind, was second, 2 m.p.h. slower, and Billy Cotton's M.G. finished third at 79·91 m.p.h., 39⅕ seconds behind Wakefield.

An interesting point arose in connection with Arthur Dobson's E.R.A., to which the timekeepers awarded fourth place. Before Dobson had completed his last lap the white flag denoting the finish of the race was flown, but when the results were announced, Dobson was placed fourth, although his total time of 2 hours 43 minutes 11⅗ seconds actually put him 15 minutes 48⅘ seconds behind Mays—*or* 48⅗ *seconds outside time for an official place as a finisher.*

When the point was raised with the timekeepers, they held the view that as Dobson had actually started on his last lap at the time the race was declared over, he must be credited with that lap.

I do not quarrel with that edict, but I do most seriously question the timekeeper's method of giving the man's actual time in a case like this. They cannot have it both ways. Either Dobson finished technically inside time or else he was technically outside time, in which case he should not rank as a finisher.

If he finished technically inside time—and I do not question this—then his time should be given as 2 hours 42 minutes 23 seconds, the time at which the white flag was flown, not the time at which he did, in fact, cross the finishing line.

To reduce the thing to an absurdity, suppose Dobson had had some mechanical trouble on that last lap which had delayed him for, say, ten minutes. How would the timekeepers then reconcile his *actual* time with the requirements of the regulations?

The proud head of the newly-opened Col de L'Iseran, the highest of all Alpine passes, has been conquered for the first time by a British car. Mr. H. E. Symonds driving a Wolseley 18/80 made a perfect ascent, reaching the summit, which is over nine thousand feet, with amazing ease. The bulk of the climb was accomplished on the third gear, the lower ratios being scarcely called for. No distress was evident from the magnificent Wolseley engine, which kept extremely cool throughout the run. The total journey which Mr. Symonds undertook involved the surmounting of five Alpine passes, making a total climbing height of forty thousand feet.

Earl Howe is Back at Brooklands

But he is holding flags as a judge and not the wheel as a driver—as yet. After his last bad crash there was talk of his racing no more, but that remains to be seen: he is not yet completely recovered

TWO extra horse-power

If yours is, for example, a 12 h.p. car and you are using an unsuitable petrol which causes "pinking," your engine is probably developing only 10 h.p. By changing over to "BP" Ethyl you can banish "pinking" and get two extra horse-power. This is because "BP" Ethyl is specially made to suit the modern high-compression engine.

WITH BP ETHYL BECAUSE IT

BANISHES PINKING

THE LADY SEMOLINA RHYS-CUSTARDE

fifth unmarried daughter of the Earl of Sago

(no reasonable offer refused)

Lady Semolina's Secret

You should see the Lady Semolina at the hunt! You should see the Lady Semolina at the ball!! You should see her dance the polka!!! How is it that she is always so full of beans and vitamins?

'I've always wanted to be a sporty girl,' she told our interviewer, 'but it wasn't until I discovered — er, Greys Cigarettes that I learnt how to avoid fag. In fact,' she continued, blissfully puffing at a W—

STOP! Before this advertisement definitely takes the wrong turning, let us hastily assure you that GREYS are very good cigarettes, and close down on that.

THE **Greys** CIGARETTES

Ten for sixpence

ISSUED BY THE UNITED KINGDOM TOBACCO CO. LTD., ASSOCIATE OF GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD

The "Bystander"

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (19th Year)

HOLDER: PEGGY EDWARDS.

Scratch Match-Play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges,

September 8th, 9th and 10th. No Qualifying Round.

September 6th—International Match, Scotland v. England.

September 7th—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 10th, 1937.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Thursday, August 19th, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

The winner, runner-up and two semi-finalists in 1936 and the four next lowest handicaps will be "seeded."

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch match-play knock-out tournament at Stoke Poges, September 8th, 9th and 10th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

The proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 9th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland v. England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 6th, and all mothers or chaperons at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

HOLDERS: SCOTLAND.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1937, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, a silver medal to each member of that team, and bronze medals to the losing team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

WHERE TO STAY

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 16s. 6d. per day.

FARNHAM COMMON PRIVATE HOTEL. Terms: 10s. 6d. inclusive per day.

"COLLINSWOOD," FARNHAM COMMON. Terms: 13s. 6d. to £1 1s. per day.

Competitors should apply *early* to the Manager at any of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,
19th Year,
Stoke Poges, September 8th, 9th and 10th, 1937

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Thursday, August 19th.

Please enter

Miss .....

Home Address .....

.....

Telephone No. .....

Date and year of birth..... *Club (if any)*.....

I am qualified for {*Scotland, *England,} *Handicap (if any)* .....

*and should like / *but should not like } to play if chosen.

* Cross out whichever does not apply.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

The "Bystander"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(16th Year) Ranelagh, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1937

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(12th Year) Roehampton, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1937

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 16th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 16th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

The eight lowest handicap pairs in each tournament will be seeded.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1936 or 1937, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the BYSTANDER.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1937 **No Entrance Fee**

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Thursday, September 16th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone No.*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone No.*.....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number, to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON AUGUST

Name {*Mrs.* / *Miss*} ....

Address .....

....

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1937 Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

THE DISTINCTIVE HOUSE FOR COATS.

Marshall & Snelgrove announce

New Fur-trimmed COATS

Specially Priced during August

5½ GUINEAS

Style 1.

Style 2.

IN advance of the season we have designed for you these new Winter Coats which are specially priced during August. These values are quite exceptional —there are five entirely new fur-trimmed styles from which to choose, and they are attractively priced at five and a half guineas each

Style 1
Small Women's well-tailored coat, in self coloured diagonal velour and other novelty materials, including black, navy, nigger and green. The collar is of Indian lamb with becoming cascade revers of cloth. In four specialised small sizes.
Sent on approval.

Style 2
Well tailored coat for the small woman, which is available in a variety of self-coloured marten hair hopsack materials. Two new shades — rosewood and drake's neck—are included in the range of colours. With Indian lamb collar which looks equally well if worn open or closed. This coat is stocked in four specialised small sizes.
Sent on approval.

Small Sizes Salon First Floor

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
OXFORD STREET
W.1.

Getting Married :

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Jane Thompson

Has announced her engagement to Owen Nares' son, David ; she is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. Sir Thomas and Lady Thompson, of Brockington Grange, Bromyard, Hereford. Mr. and Mrs. Nares live at 77, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8

Lenare

Ruth Barclay

Is the second daughter of the Rev. Humphrey and Mrs. Barclay, of Tittleshall Rectory, King's Lynn ; she is engaged to Peter Heywood, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heywood, of Pentney House, Narborough, King's Lynn

Pearl Freeman

Genesta Maud

Is the daughter of the late B. R. Elton Maud and Mrs. Elton Maud ; she is engaged to Baron Vincent de la Boissière, son of Baron and Baronne de la Boissière, of Château de Giverchy, Toulon - sur - Arroux, France

Bingham

Helen Zena Yeo

Is the daughter of the Rev. H. R. and Mrs. Yeo, of Meadowside, Walmer, Kent, and is engaged to Flight - Lieutenant W. F. Beckwith, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Beckwith, of 2, Montolieu Gardens, S.W.15

Fayer of Vienna

Betty Fairbairn

Is the daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Fairbairn, of Brixton Lodge, South Devon ; she is engaged to Colin Gordon Irving-Bell, Royal Norfolk Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Irving - Bell, of Hove, Sussex

Pearl Freeman

Norah Ferguson

Is the third daughter of the late Sir John Ferguson, M.P., and Lady Ferguson, of The Close, Tunbridge Wells, and is engaged to Patrick Arnold, only son of the late George Arnold and Mrs. Arnold, of Hale Place, Paddock Wood, Kent

Yevonde

Marcelle Bouthemy

Is the youngest daughter of the late Jean Baptiste Guislain Bouthemy, of Havrincourt, France, and Mrs. Bouthemy, of Arragon Gardens, S.W.16, and is engaged to Edward Young, son of the late William Young and Mrs. Young, of Park House, Brandram Road, S.E.13

Pearl Freeman

Helen Wisely

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. H. R. Wisely, of 24, St. Petersburgh Place, W.2, and is engaged to Dr. P. E. Lander, Indian Agricultural Service, of Lyallpur, Punjab, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Lander, of Cambridge

Lambert — Grey

The Archbishop of York married Uvedale Henry Lambert, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Uvedale Lambert, and Diana Mary Grey, daughter of the late Colonel Arthur Grey and Mrs. Grey, of 28, Tregunter Road, S.W., at St. Barnabas', Pimlico

Buckley — Dugmore

Lieut.-Comdr. Kenneth Robertson Buckley, younger son of Mr. and the late Mrs. L. E. Buckley, of Graffham, Petworth, and Bettie Dugmore, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. E. V. R. Dugmore, of Ashkirk, Alverstoke, Hants., were married at Gosport, Hants.

Clark — Grenander

Alan Gordon Clark, son of the late Colonel William Clark, of Glasgow, married Jean Ingeborg Grenander at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grenander, of Hyde Lane, Great Missenden, Bucks.

Liddell — Kerr

Maurice Arthur Liddell, youngest son of Sir Frederick and Lady Liddell, of 9, Culford Gardens, S.W.3, and Alix Kerr, elder daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Mark Kerr, of 19, Draycott Avenue, S.W.3, were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

Harmsworth — Boothby

At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, St. John Vyvyan Harmsworth, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Vyvyan Harmsworth, of Horsted Keynes, Sussex, married Jane Penelope Boothby, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. T. B. Boothby, of 174, Oakwood Court, W.14

Hedley — Price

Edward Prescott Hedley, an Eton master, elder son of Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Hedley, of 18, St. Leonard's Terrace, S.W.3, and Patricia Price, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Price, of 18, Berkeley Court, N.W.1, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Veale — Barrow

Henry Veale, elder son of Dr. and the late Mrs. Henry Veale, of Clifford House, Ilkley, Yorks., and Elizabeth Patricia Barrow, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barrow, of Lawn House, Edgbaston, Birmingham, were married at St. Simon's, Southsea

Morley — Marsh

Arthur Philip Morley, of North Rookery, Lowsonford, Henley-in-Arden, and Joan Marsh, elder daughter of the late Harry Marsh and Mrs. Marsh, of The Vale, Edgbaston, Birmingham, were married at the Oratory, Edgbaston

Macpherson — Runge

Niall Stewart Macpherson, third son of Sir Stewart and Lady Macpherson, of Newtonmore, Inverness-shire, and Peggy Runge, daughter of the late J. J. Runge and Mrs. Runge, of St. John's House, Smith Square, Westminster, were married at St. Mary's, Rotherhithe

Marchant — Selway

Herbert Stanley Marchant, son of the late E. J. Marchant, and Mrs. J. E. Mussett, of Gaymer Road, King's Lynn, married Diana Selway at St. Anselm's, Hatch End. She is the only daughter of Major C. J. Selway, C.B.E., and Mrs. Selway, of Newburn, Hatch End

Rogers — Sweetinburgh

The Master of the Temple officiated at the Temple marriage of Patrick Thorold Rogers, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. L. Rogers, of Mount Skippet, Ramsden, Oxfordshire, and Jacqueline Sweetinburgh, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Sweetinburgh, of 58, Berkeley Court, N.W.

Owen — Sandilands

At Holy Trinity, Brompton, Arthur Stanhope Owen, only son of the late Ernest Owen and Mrs. Owen, of Boys Hall, near Ashford, Kent, married Christina Sandilands, elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Prescott Sandilands, of 121, Coleherne Court, S.W.

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

August 11 — August 17

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Malcolm Keen is in the name part of this amusing, crooked long-runner: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

BATS IN THE BELFRY.—Aunt Lilian Braithwaite, with Henry Kendall opposite, decides the destiny of Lydia Sherwood and Janet Johnson and others in an amusing comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FIRST LEGION.—A sincere and gripping treatment of the miracle question in a Jesuit brotherhood among whom are C. V. France, Franklin Dyall and Colin Keith-Johnston: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GUSHER.—Pure episodic melodrama, swift in action and spectacular in production, has Christine Barry, Jack Livesey and Ivan Samson in the leads: Prince's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JUDGMENT DAY.—Elmer Rice at his best in a dramatically full-blooded comment on dictatorships; big and young cast acts well: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK.—Sara Allgood, Arthur Sinclair, Marie O'Neill and the Irish Players in Sean O'Casey's masterpiece: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MALVERN FESTIVAL.—Sir Barry Jackson's ninth presentation of music and drama in the West Country town; Shaw, Sheridan, Fielding and others.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.—Cyril Raymond and Gillian Lind are now with Keneth Kent in this triangle drama of country life: Cambridge, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—The top production of the summer: Pamela Stanley's Queen is fine acting, Carl Esmond excellent as Albert; the Whistler settings are superb: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WINTER'S TALE.—Fay Compton is an entrancing Paulina in the open air production: Regent's Park, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and fairly tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

COTTON CLUB REVUE.—Preceded by variety turns, this famous, fantastic riot of colour makes the Palladium shake every night at 6.20 and 9, and on Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FLOODLIGHT.—Beverley Nichols' revue keeps a nice standard of sentiment, humour, sense and tunefulness; Frances Day, John Mills, Hermione Baddeley; excellent décor by René Hubert: Saville, 8.30 only.

REVUDEVILLE No. 94.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's sparkling long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere — see Telephone Directory

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues again, with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford, Rosalyn Boulter: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30

"The Winter's Tale"

Phyllis Neilson Terry plays Hermione, Fay Compton Paulina in the short-season presentation at Regent's Park: the latter has received a burst of praise for her exquisite rendering of the small part

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well-maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out-and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., 2.30.

THEY CAME BY NIGHT.—By the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*, this thriller about crooks has the same pleasing touch; Owen Nares and Ursula Jeans: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

First Night

GERTIE MAUDE.—John Van Druten's first for two years is set in 1911, is about ordinary people, has Carol Goodner, Jill Esmond and Griffith Jones in the cast: St. Martin's, Tues., 17th.

CINEMAS

DER AMMENKÖNIG (German).—A clever piece of satire in brilliant rococo setting with Käthe Gold and Gustav Knuth: Studio One.

AS GOOD AS MARRIED (American).—John Boles and Doris Nolan in a pot-boiling comedy; supported by "Night Key" with Boris Karloff: New Gallery.

A DAY AT THE RACES (American).—The Marx Brothers' latest extravaganza is one of the best examples of their own genre: Empire.

THE DEVIL'S DRIVING (American).—Richard Dix and Joan Perry in a "documentary" thriller aimed at the American road-death figures: London Pavilion.

EASY LIVING (American).—Edward Arnold, Ray Milland and Jean Arthur in a smarty comedy of errors in high life: Plaza.

FAREWELL AGAIN (British).—The cross-section of a regiment's six hours ashore makes the plot for Flora Robson, Leslie Banks, Sebastian Shaw, Leonora Corbett and others: Marble Arch Pavilion.

DER HERRSCHER (German).—Emil Jannings has a stern part as "the boss" in this 1936 prize film: Berkeley.

I MET HIM IN PARIS (American).—Witty dialogue and direction, and amusing acting by Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young: Carlton.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES (British).—Rider Haggard's tale filmed has Paul Robeson as star and Cedric Hardwicke, John Loder and Anna Lee in support: Gaumont

LOST HORIZON (American).—This long runner from Hilton's book has some splendid shots and a good story and some watery philosophy; Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton: Tivoli.

MAD GIRL (French).—Danielle Darrieux in a soufflé of farce and love in unlikely situations: Curzon.

THE SHOW GOES ON (British).—Basil Dean wrote and directed this lively yet depressing film of a small town-girl making good—Gracie Fields is the name, with Owen Nares in support: London Hippodrome.

SLAVESHIP (American).—A tough epic of "blackbirder" days, with Wallace Beery, Warner Baxter and a fine schooner as heroes: Regal.

YIDDLE WITH HIS FIDDLE (Polo-Yiddish).—A Jewish comedy set in Poland with Yiddish dialogue, fine country shots and curious sense of humour; Molly Picon leads: Academy.

Premiere

STRADIVARIUS (French).—A violin by the great maker with a curse on it is the leitmotif: Edwige Feuillière and Pierre Richard Willm star in this sombre film: Curzon, Tues., 17th.

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. orchestra in the perennial season of representative music, Queen's Hall, 8.15:

BACH CONCERT.—Eight soloists in a violin concerto, two Brandenburg concertos, selection from sacred music; also Handel and Purcell: Wed., 11th.

TSCHAIKOWSKY CONCERT.—Polonaise from "Eugene Onegin," violin concerto in D (Paul Beard), fifth symphony; also Berners' Fugue in C Minor, Granados' Spanish Dances: Thurs., 12th.

BEETHOVEN CONCERT.—Third Leonora overture, piano concerto in G (Solomon), eighth symphony; also Rubra, Bach and Handel, with Stiles-Allen and Grinke: Fri., 13th.

MIXED CONCERT.—Laelia Finneberg, Roy Henderson and Poushinoff are the soloists in a programme including Stanford's Sea Songs, Ravel's Bolero, Rachmaninov's piano concerto in C minor: Sat., 14th.

WAGNER CONCERT.—Jo Vincent, Muriel Brunskill and Parry Jones in extracts from the operas; also Bruckner and d'Erlanger: Mon., 16th.

ROMANTIC CONCERT.—Elgar's sea pictures (Mary Jarred), first English performance of Malipiero's violin concerto (Brosa), Franck, Mendelssohn and Strauss: Tues., 17th

SPORT

TO-MORROW, 12TH.—Grouse shooting begins.

SATURDAY, 14TH.—Third Test Match v. New Zealand opens, The Oval; Great Britain v. Germany, athletics, White City.

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

"In Quest of Good Hotels"

By Ashley Courtenay

British Hotels used to be the Aunt Sally of any chance journalist in search of "copy" and sundry other dyspeptic persons. That is no longer the case. And, although the Englishman is primarily a home-lover, hotels have adapted themselves to his increasing wayfaring proclivities. But hotels are as different and individual as their visitors. Mr. Courtenay, with a rare combination of "flair" and experience, is becoming the recognized connecting link. Hotels are his hobby and his profession. More and more people are enjoying his weekly articles on the subject in "THE SPHERE" and every morning he receives enquiries for detailed information. Unlike explorers whose activities devolve some 1000 miles up the Amazon, Mr. Courtenay's "discoveries" make excellent objectives for all who like a week-end in the country . . . or just somewhere to stay for a social event in town or country

A weekly feature in

The SPHERE

Every Friday—Price One Shilling

CARE-FREE TRAVEL

16 DAYS CENTRAL EUROPE TOURS

Leaving LONDON AUG. 21 st.

At an inclusive price with many special features. Through Belgium, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Austria, visiting **NUREMBERG, PRAGUE, BUDAPEST, VIENNA, MUNICH, and the ALPS.**

This special Conducted Tour ensures sight-seeing throughout without worry, pleasure without extravagance.

Reserved seats, all meals en route, first-class hotels, English-speaking guides, thoroughly experienced courier, conveyance of luggage. Initial price includes all gratuities, etc.

A Special Late Season Tour to Budapest and Vienna leaves London October 2nd.

BRITISH OVERSEAS AND CONTINENTAL TRAVEL Ltd, 136, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1

(near Victoria Station.) Telephone; Victoria 8800. Telegrams: Easitravel, Sowest, London. *Call Write, or 'Phone for details of the above Tour, also Summer Programme giving particulars of many alternatives*

The Friend that never fails

Friend of the penniless, the young, the old, the sick, the friendless, the fatherless . . . The friend quietly waiting everywhere to help and cheer the unfortunate . . . The Salvation Army. Please remember the work it is doing—and help!

Gifts and Enquiries welcomed by GEN. EVANGELINE BOOTH, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

THE SALVATION ARMY

Special Prices for Dressmaking and Tailoring

Dressmaking *from* 8½ gns

Tailoring *from* 9½ gns

until September 11th

In order to maintain our workroom organisation at full strength during the "between seasons" period, the new models for Autumn Tailor-mades and Model Gowns are now available to copy at special prices, and appointments may now be made to secure the services of the expert tailors and fitters of the House.

An afternoon gown in fine wool with attractive crescent tuckings and scalloped vest. Made to order in the Court dressmaking workrooms from **8½ gns.**

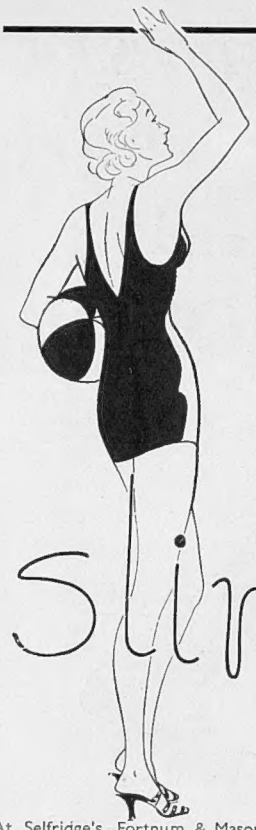
In crêpe nanteau from 10½ Gns.

For evening, lace dinner ensembles will be made to order from 12½ Gns.

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

Langham 4444 (*Debenhams Ltd.*)



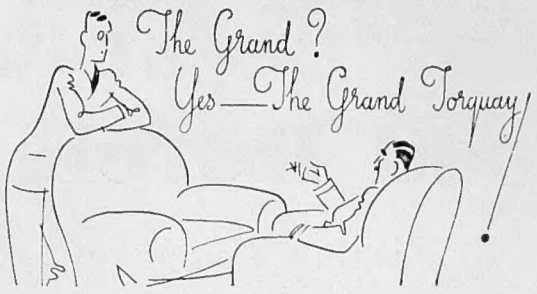
Swim-suits reveal the figure unmercifully. So slim *safely* with Redex lotion. Reduces flesh by *external* application. Simply rub Redex gently into the skin for a few minutes a day. Absolutely harmless. Approved by physicians. Reduces only where applied. Begins to act in 7 to 10 days. No dieting.

Slimming Rēdex for SLIMMING

21/- a bottle

At Selfridge's, Fortnum & Mason's, Bentall's, leading Boots branches, Army and Navy Stores, Marshall & Snelgrove's, and all good stores and chemists. If unable to obtain, send 21/- for a bottle (post free) from Redex Proprietaries Ltd., 85/86, New Bond Street, London, W.1

MAN TO MAN



JAMES *Hello, bon viveur! You look pleased with life!*

GEORGE *So would you if you'd lived like a king as I have for the last three weeks at the Grand, Torquay.*

JAMES *I dare say, but the terms are too high.*

GEORGE *The old complaint! How can you say the terms are too high if you have never sampled the place?*

JAMES *So what!*

GEORGE *Well—so come and see what you get for them. Superb food prepared by an Escoffier-trained chef. Golf, tennis and squash to justify it. A superb hotel, a superb position—right on the front and on the level and a superb climate.* ***And*** *in a place like the Grand there's plenty of free entertainment without going out for it.*

JAMES *All right—it's a bet. I suppose you get a commission on this! No? Anyway, perhaps I'll come back saying the terms are too low.*

The GRAND, TORQUAY

Write to F. Paul, Manager, for tariff-brochure and specimen menus. **Telephone: Torquay 2234**

MOTORISTS & LAGONDA

THE 4½-LITRE LAGONDA

"..... the 4½ Litre LAGONDA comes within that small and exclusive group which comprises the aristocracy of the automobile world. Its pedigree dates back to the earliest days of motoring. The car can be blinded unmercifully across France, thrashed up Italian passes and yet glide silently through city streets, its enormous power bending to the will of the driver. The whole car has an air of nobility about it which appeals irresistibly to the connoisseur of fine cars."

H. E. Symons, "The Sketch"

THE 12-CYLINDER LAGONDA

The making of the new 12-cylinder LAGONDA has been a deliberately retarded process—for a vintage wine may not be hurried to maturity or a new motor-car launched precipitately upon the market.

Today, after two years active experiment, the 12-cylinder LAGONDA has attained full stature. Figures, which cause even its designers * to pause and marvel, are available to show that this new motor is destined to eclipse anything of its type so far produced. We built, indeed, better than we knew.

Of the half-dozen patrician motor-cars still remaining on the world-market none ever inherited so rich a patrimony of design as the 12-cylinder LAGONDA. The new car is no mere recapitulation of a good—but tired—design in terms of 1937. It is a new-born car unrelated to any yet on the road—here or on the Continent. New ideals of performance were set up and these have been exceeded in the sheer versatility of the new car. Such is the 12-cylinder LAGONDA—a car destined to rank, from now on, among the greater names in motoring history.

* Mr. W. O. Bentley — and others.

LAGONDA MOTORS LIMITED, STAINES, MIDDLESEX, ENGLAND—Telephone STAINES 1122 (5 Lines)

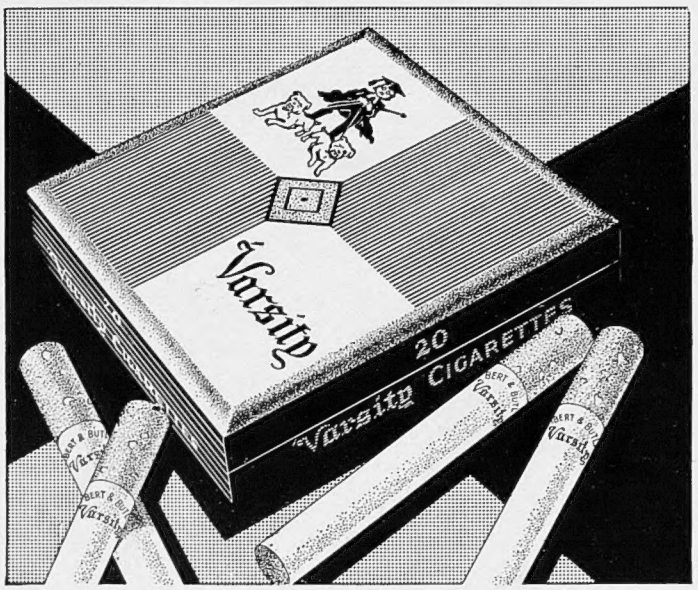
YOUTHFUL BEAUTY IS NO LONGER MATTER OF AGE . .

W-5

REJUVENATES THE SKIN FROM WITHIN

● Write at once for free wonderfully illustrated W-5 book if you have not seen it yet.

Gelty Distributing Co.
156a, Oxford Street, London, W.1
W-5 obtainable from all high-class Chemists and Stores or direct from distributors



Varsity

There is no better filter-tipped cigarette obtainable. The quality of the tobacco is beyond dispute—
Varsity are made by LAMBERT & BUTLER

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd V.98

TEN FOR SIXPENCE TWENTY FOR A SHILLING

ESTABLISHED 1760.

for Mellowness

If your preference is for a whisky mellowed and matured as an old vintage wine, your choice will be

SANDEMAN'S
V.V.O.
SCOTCH WHISKY
The King of Whiskies

If any difficulty in obtaining supplies apply to SANDEMAN & SONS, LTD. (Dept. D), Forth Street, EDINBURGH.

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
70, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.

"I used to be subject to very severe colds"

"I used to be subject to very severe colds, but since using Vapex I have always been able to check them . . ."
Lymington, Hants.

You too can be free from the misery of "one cold after another." Breathe Vapex from your handkerchief or pillow. It penetrates every recess of nose and throat: clears the head: relieves congestion: kills the germs: stops the trouble at its source.

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V 144 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

Eccles Photo

Britain's largest Distributors of all leading makes—Eccles, Cheltenham, Raven, Car Cruisers, Siddall, Dixon-Bates and Gibson-Eccles. Large selection of new and second-hand models always in stock. Sale or Hire. Write or Call.

LONDON CARAVAN COMPANY LIMITED

Hire and Display Grounds: Barnet By-pass, Elstree, Herts. *(Elstree 1165)*
West End Showrooms: 218, Dering St., New Bond St. London, W1. *(Mayfair 2915)*

WEIRD STORIES

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE **2/6** PER COPY

(Postage 4d. extra.)

Order with remittance to be sent to-
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, Ltd.,
ILLUSTRATED HOUSE,
32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

THE BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED HOUSE
32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4
Telephone: Central 1010

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
(Revised from January 1, 1935)

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve Months, including Xmas Number.	Six Months, including Xmas Number.	Six Months, No Extras	Three Months, No Extras
Inland	£ 3 s. 0 d. 10	£ 1 s. 11 d. 6	£ 1 s. 9 d. 3	s. 14 d. 9
Canada	£ 3 s. 0 d. 8	£ 1 s. 10 d. 6	£ 1 s. 9 d. 3	s. 14 d. 9
Elsewhere Abroad	£ 3 s. 5 d. 0	£ 1 s. 13 d. 8	£ 1 s. 11 d. 4	s. 15 d. 9

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM.

To the Publisher of
The Bystander,
Illustrated House,
32-34, St. Bride Street,
London, E.C.4

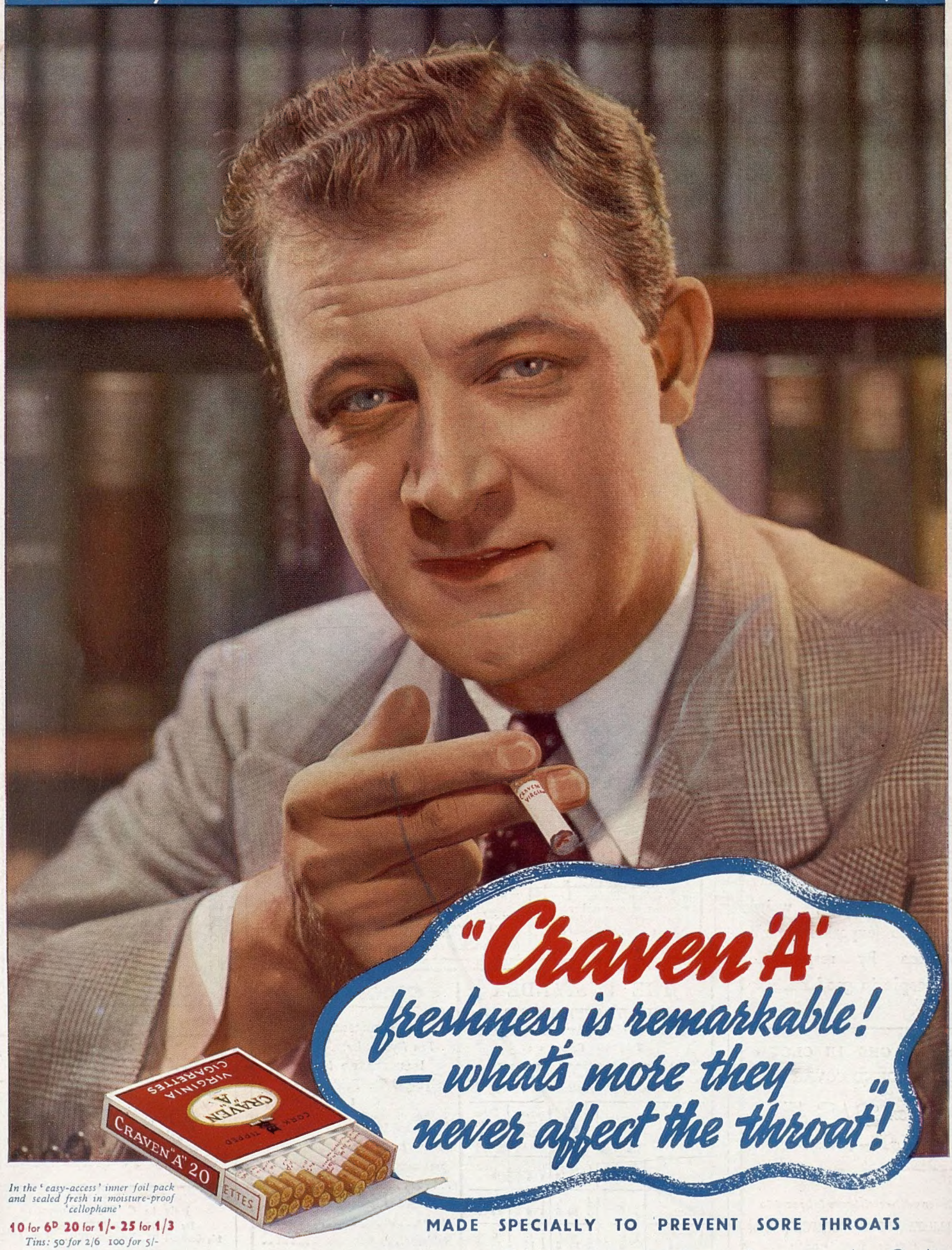
Please send me The Bystander *weekly for.....months commencing with the issue of .....*
for which I enclose.....
Name.....
Address.....
Date 1937

Postage Rates: **INLAND 1½d. CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 2d.**

"Insure" The Enjoyment of Your Trip... *Take –*

Private CASH Advances
By W. H. DURHAM LIMITED,
14, Clifford St., London, W.1. Est. 1913.
£50 to £5,000
Without Security.

Always Smooth — to his throat and yours



In the 'easy-access' inner foil pack and sealed fresh in moisture-proof 'cellophane'

10 for 6D 20 for 1/- 25 for 1/3

Tins: 50 for 2/6 100 for 5/-

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

Carreras Ltd. — 150 Years' Reputation for Quality